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LATE TO DINNER.

A SKETCH FOR THE NEWLY MARRIED.

BY ELLA LATROBE.

Mr. Younghusband wore a very pleasant face; and there was no reason in the wide world why he should not. He walked along with a most delighted air, as one should do, whose temporal matters were all conveniently adjusted. He had the prettiest wife in the town, and the pleasantest house. His business was in a very prosperous condition; and altogether there was nothing at that moment, and nothing in prospect, that could bring a cloud on the countenance of Mr. Lovell Younghusband.

So, he glanced in the shop windows as he walked, and considered how such and such a dress would become his darling Emma. He studied the temptations in the jewelry windows. He mentally measured the carpets. He delayed long before the print and picture shops; and with curious eyes surveyed the house-furnishing establishments. Everything attracted his attention; and the motive and thought in all his speculations was Emma—still Emma.

He knew a great many people, and had something to say to them all, and something pleasant, too. For with the thought and mental presence of his charming wife always with him, his words could not but be sweet. The very atmosphere of the honey-moon vitalized and inspired all his thoughts, and prompted all his words. He was not only self-satisfied, but doubly so; satisfied not only with his own self, but with his other self; a most complacent and very agreeable individual. He was a capital illustration of the words, "happily married."

So, full of the things he would say, and of the pleasures and purchases he would propose to his wife—the very happiest, most beaming and most ecstatic individual in the whole city of Philadelphia, Mr. Lovell Younghusband stood upon his own door-step at last. He looked up and down the square, as if to say, "who but me!" He was all ready to welcome the light, airy step of his Emma when he should open the door; for he calculated that she must have peeped through the shade, and known of his coming.

So she had, but she did not rush to meet him, nevertheless. Nor was she in the parlor. Nor was she in the dining-room. But, if he saw nobody, he smelt something. There was, through the whole house, a flavor of burnt vegetables and spoiled gravies; and, as he somewhat impatiently sniffed these odors, the premonition came upon him of a spoiled dinner. That certainly was not pleasant; but he magnanimously resolved to make no complaints, as his Emma was but a young housekeeper. And he had more than once said to her, and she to him, that they never would permit such commonplaces as victuals and drink to disturb the harmony of their sympathetic and loving souls. But, however, love to the contrary, notwithstanding, a spoiled dinner is hard to swallow.

My serious conviction is, that the experiment of living upon love alone will hardly answer. It is very meagre and insufficient diet. We are so constituted that not only our comfort, but our good behaviour, depends very much upon proper food, neatly served. And cheerfulness and

good temper are better sauce than even hunger. There are two ways of meeting the appetite. One is, by satisfying it, which is pleasant; the other is by driving it away, which is rather discouraging and not at all enlivening to the spirits.

Mr. Younghusband glanced at the pretty French clock over the mantel, and saw that he was a full hour behind time. If his conscience smote him for his tardiness, the looks of his Emma smote him worse, as she presently came in, flushed, weary and impatient. If there is anything that can effectually destroy the pleasure of one's dinner, it is this—the feeling that those who should enjoy it with you, have made themselves martyrs in getting it ready. If I were a man, I would rather sit down daily to a cold collation, which, I suppose, is the modern phrase for Solomon's dinner of herbs.

Mrs. Younghusband did not look in the least like the fairy form that the husband had mentally arrayed in silk attire, bedecked with jewels and with gems, seated on an elegant chair, the chair cushioned with satin, and placed on a costly carpet. Somehow he did not quite understand where, or on what subject to begin to talk, and his faint essays were not met in any spirit of conversation. Emma was monosyllabic. He asked if she was well, and she resented the inquiry. The truth was that she was nursing her wrath, and saving her words till he should make some allusion to the dinner. But he was too wise for that.

An experienced and very wise woman was Mr. Younghusband's sister. She was in the daily habit of "dropping in," and came to-day, just as the couple were finishing their not very satisfactory dinner. The dessert was even worse and more spoiled than the first course; and Mr. Lovell Younghusband, dissatisfied with his dinner and worse disappointed in his wife, was, as you may be sure, in no very chatty humor. The contrast between his happy dreams as he walked home and the welcome he received was so great; the happiness he hoped to find and intended to increase was so completely defeated, that the man would have been actually cross, if he had dared to be.

"What, Emma! not ready! And so late at dinner!" said the caller. "Why you are quite behind time."

"Lovell was so tardy," said Mrs. Younghusband, with the faintest tone of reproach in her voice, as if she spoke "more in sorrow than in anger."

"Never mind, sis! We will go to Fairmount

and leave him at home alone, as a punishment. He shall not go with us!"

"I appeal!" said the delinquent.

"And she, foolish thing, will reverse my decision, I suppose. I see it in her eyes. Away with you, Emma, and get ready. And now, brother of mine," she continued, as Emma left the room, "I see a cloud, as yet not bigger than a man's hand. But it will come down on you presently in a steady rain, and last, like the marriage promise, which you two will daily break, so long as you both shall live."

"What do you mean? And what have I done? And what has Emma been saying to you?"

"I mean to set you straight," said the sister. "You have not done, and that is the difficulty. And Emma has said nothing to me respecting you but what is very kind, and very foolish, and ten times as good as you deserve!"

"Oh, you women are all riddles," said Lovell, impatiently, "capricious, difficult, and hard to understand, you are all alike troublesome."

"Hoity, toity! Pretty words, these, for a man in the honey-moon! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, and I shall try to make you!"

"Why, when I came in——"

"Not a word of explanation. I have heard nothing from your wife, and I wish to hear nothing from you. I know you of old for a good-natured, careless, unpunctual, affectionate, good-for-nothing brother. And I am sure that marriage has not mended you in any particular."

Lovell smiled, provoked as he had been. For his moody humor began to melt. His sister proceeded with her admonitions.

"This whole house is full of the odor of a burned and spoiled dinner, the very incense of the goddess of Discord. And it is all your fault. You came lounging, day-dreaming, all the way home, stopping to talk to Richard, and Thomas, and Henry. No doubt you were thinking of your wife all the time, for it is a fashion that young married men have. You were counting on her pleased welcome, and expecting that she would rush into your arms——"

"Nonsense!"

"I know it is nonsense. But it is your nonsense, and not mine, and you cannot deny it. And while you have been dawdling away your time, she has been drilling her cook and pushing her servants up to punctuality, to have them turn upon her for your misdeeds, and flout and sulk, and perhaps leave her in a passion. Everything was ready to a moment, I

know, for Emma is a capital manager. If you had come in at the proper time, you would have found a dinner fit for a prince. And you do love a good dinner, you know."

"But——"

"Don't interrupt me. I feel voluble, and, like Mrs. Poyser, I will have my say out. You had much better hear it from me than from your wife. She will wait, and make herself wretched, and you too."

"Now, sister, I won't hear my wife abused in her absence."

"Fiddlesticks! She is a woman, and so am I. We women can endure a great deal. We can survive neglect of ourselves, but we cannot endure neglect of the dinners, which have cost us a great deal of thought and trouble, whatever you may think of such trifles."

Mr. Younghusband, having in his earlier years had some experience of the tongue of his smart and clever relative, leaned back in his chair and listened with an air of subdued patience.

She proceeded: "The house is our kingdom, and we cannot endure disloyalty against domestic management. For the house and its appointments involve an immense amount of care and anxiety, of which you men know nothing. It is you who have abused your wife, and not I; and she will turn on you presently, you may take my word for it, if you do not mend your ways. I know, for I have been maid, wife and widow. I have been plagued with brothers and harassed with a husband, and I have a grown-up boy at home who is now beginning to take on a man's airs of impertinent negligence."

"I pity him," said Lovell, laughing.

"You had a great deal better pity me; but you are like all men, and side with your sex—you lords of creation! Pretty lords you would be, if in our silent, toilsome, unthanked way, we did not waste our lives and strength in keeping up your majesty."

"Have you done?"

"Not quite. Item after item in her bill of fare, Emma saw spoiled past hope, and beyond retrieval, while you were amusing yourself and loitering as if a dinner would not be spoiled, and a wife's patience worn out by delay. So Emma saw dishes fit for the gods become messes and scarce fit for hounds. And, to crown her vexation, she had an appointment with me—you need not smile, ladies have engagements as well as men—and they keep them, too, when their husbands will let them. That arrangement your dilatoriness has spoiled, too—unless

she is the best humored creature in the world, and I believe she is. It is not everybody who can become placid enough for pleasure after such a flurry. If I had been in her place, I would have gone out and left you to enjoy your spoiled dinner alone!"

Just then Emma came in, looking as bright and beautiful as if nothing had ever occurred to discompose her. I cannot say why her head and her husband's head came in such proximity as to permit the feat to be accomplished, but the sister did make their foreheads meet with such a crash!

Mr. Younghusband profited by the lecture which his sister gave him, and has nearly reformed from his habits of negligence. It is curious to observe how some men, prompt to an hour in business matters, are always behind time at their breakfasts and always late to dinner. Just as if women, in the events of their lives, did not value punctuality, and as if their protests were not as much to be dreaded as a notary's. I would make it more terrible, if I had a dilatory husband to hurry up, than all the notaries in the city rolled into one.

The good lady who had so well advised her husband, took an early occasion to report her lecture to the wife, and to quietly intersperse it also with good advice to the female partner. Men certainly like to be cheerfully received, and one laughing word of good-natured remonstrance will be more efficient than three days of dignified and silent indignation.

ARTLESS SIMPLICITY.—One of the sweetest incidents which we have noticed for many a day—and one which shows the effect of early training, assisted by a pure and undefiled imagination—has just fallen under our observation. It is thus related:—A lady visited New York City and saw on the sidewalk a ragged, cold and hungry little girl, gazing wistfully at some of the cakes in a shop window. She stopped, and taking the little one by the hand, led her into the store. Though she was aware that bread might be better for the cold child than cake, yet, desiring to gratify the shivering and forlorn one, she bought and gave her the cake she wanted. She then took her to another place, where she procured her a shawl and other articles of comfort. The grateful little creature looked the benevolent lady full in the face, and with artless simplicity said—"Are you God's wife?" Did the most eloquent speaker ever employ words to a better advantage?

WHAT WE MIGHT BE.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

We are enjoined to be humble, and we should not vaunt ourselves for any excellence or superiority, but it is well to get a correct measure of ourselves if we can, that we may use the faculties with which we are endowed—exercise the good that is in us.

I think it is more common for people to think too meanly of themselves than too highly. I see people all around me who might have been so much more than they are, if they had only known of what they were capable.

The mistake in supposing most people too vain, is because they are apt to value themselves for some quality that perhaps they do not possess in a very high degree, letting all the noblest qualities of their nature lie unused while they exhibit this, and so people set them down as vain, and frivolous, and shallow. Others are as blind as themselves; they do not see what they are by nature—what they might be. They see this seeking for applause for something that is unworthy, and they suppose this is the highest scope of their minds.

My friend Miss Sala has not much beauty, but she has a noble heart and a discriminating mind by nature, though, they lie fallow, while she endeavors to trick out what few personal charms Nature has endowed her with, and exhibit them, thereby making herself ridiculous, obscuring her noble qualities—qualities that by culture and exercise might make her useful, happy, beloved, respected, and enable her to advance the interests and happiness of others.

The poet tells of flowers that waste their sweetness on the desert air. There are flowers among us whose sweetness is never unfolded, but perishes with it; gems of thought and feeling whose rays never shine. They are all about us.

I often feel as if I wanted to say to people—"Why don't you be what you *can* be?—why don't you come out in your truest colors, and happily the world?"

If I should tell them just what I thought them capable of being, they would suspect me of flattery, of insincerity, and imagine, perhaps that I had some sinister purpose.

I had an acquaintance, Miss Alston, who not knowing the true nobility of her nature, the strength, the power that was in her, assorted with the frivolous, and conformed herself to all

their little ways, thus belittling herself, instead of elevating them.

A young girl—an intuitive judge of character—who took the mental and moral measure of others at a glance—there are such, and they are more often found among the young and unsophisticated than among the calculating and world-stained. This young girl, seeing Miss Alston one afternoon in the company of her female companions, to whose level she let herself down, instead of elevating them as she might have done, by a little self-assertion, by rising to her full stature, said, in the evening, when she came to me—"I am astonished at Miss Alston; she isn't what she might be—she is feeding on husks."

How often this exclamation of the young girl has come to me. How often I have applied it to others! Will it not apply in some degree to us all?

What talent, what power for good lies buried in my friend Greves, while he spends his life doing what the veriest mechanical drudge might do. If I should say to him, you have powers that fully cultivated and exercised might make you a Bacon or a Locke, the while, with your energy and insight you could do wonders in practical affairs—you might make your influence felt the breadth of a continent, and enjoy a much greater fulness of happiness, too, from the full exercise of your powers, he would look at me with surprise, and wonder what put such a visionary thought into my brain.

Oh, what a waste of power unemployed, unrecognized, there is in the world! "We are not what we might be, we are feeding on husks."

We walk here, as it were, in the crypts of life; at times from the great Cathedral above us, we can hear the organ and the chanting of the choir; we see the light stream through the open door, when some friend goes up before us—and shall we fear to mount the narrow staircase of the grave that leads out of this uncertain twilight into the serene mansions of the life eternal.—*Longfellow.*

Harsh words are like hailstones, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plants they batter down.

LOVE, THE TRANSFORMER.

BY MRS. E. L. GRIFFITH.

"I love you!" The words came low and soft, with a tremulous lisp, as though the little speaker were half afraid to let that wave of gushing tenderness well forth, lest it should spend itself against a rock-bound heart. She was too used to this, the little Elaine; few hearts opened to hers, for she was poor and an orphan.

Mrs. Dewees did not mean to be unkind to the child of her husband's dead sister. She saw that she was properly fed and clothed, and what more could be asked? It was not to be expected she could take her to her heart as one of her own children, even had she been as pretty as her little Jennie and Mollie, which was far from the case.

"You must admit, Andrew," she would say, when her husband put up a plea for the little orphan, as sometimes he did when the memory of his sweet young sister came over him, "beauty is a great incentive to love. Any one is drawn to a handsome child instinctively, while an ugly one is passed by unnoticed. I do my duty by Elaine, but I can't love her plain face and queer ways. If she were like Mollie here, with her wide blue eyes all ablaze with poetry, her sweet dimpled mouth and sunny curls! Every stranger loves *her*." She held the little one up before him, and Andrew Dewees could not but open his arms to their darling, and mentally own the force of his wife's words.

Yet, Elaine was far from being homely; she had not the life and sparkle of the Dewees children, yet we question much, did you sit down to study the faces of the three, if you would not pronounce hers the finest. But the child bore about her a timid, neglected look that made her unattractive; and yet this very look first won to her the notice and sympathy of Mrs. Dewees' artist cousin, Albert Sydney. When he came to pass the summer months with them in their beautiful country home. At first he passed her by with a touch of the hand or a pat on the head, while the Dewees children climbed his knee or had a game of romps with him in the evening twilight. But studying as he did the faces of all, that he might find some new beauty for his canvas, that of Elaine grew upon him; each day developed some new attraction, and the faces of

Jennie and Mollie, that had so won him at first, grew insipid before the intellectual glory of hers, until one day as he came upon her in the mountain, the words burst from his lips—"Elaine, you are wondrously beautiful!"

She was sitting at the foot of a crag, her lap full of ferns and mosses; the dark blue eyes, rarely seen at home for the timid lashes always drooping over them, were wide open now, drinking in brightness from the amber sunset; the soft brown hair was tossed carelessly back, showing a face full of childish sweetness. That face was tanned, it is true, for Mrs. Dewees never controlled her rambles. Jennie and Mollie were forced to go shawled and hooded into the air and sunlight; but Elaine had "no beauty to spoil," and was much the gainer by her aunt's wise course; the air and exercise made her cheeks like June roses; and though Mrs. Dewees thought her coarse-looking, not so did the artist as he came upon her unexpectedly, and sat there sketching, or trying to sketch, her face. At last he threw down his pencil in despair; each moment the expression varied, and while each alike fascinated him, he could retain none; and so, leaning over the cliff, he fairly shouted his admiration.

It was pitiful to see the change that came over the little creature; all the glory-looking vanished, the sweet abandon fled, leaving the old trembling aspect, the lids shut in the blue heaven of her eyes, and she was once more the plain, shrinking Elaine Cowan. That he had been earnest in what he had said never entered her mind; she had been so accustomed to hear her aunt and Jennie tell her she was so plain, while little Mollie often came and lisped, "Me sorry you ugly!" The words were said in derision, of course, she thought, and her cheeks grew red with anger. She heard him coming down the cliff by the winding path. Did he mean to taunt her with more cruel words? That thought flashed the fire into her eyes.

"Albert Sydney!" her lip half curling with scorn, half quivering with a sob, "how grand in you to insult a little motherless girl!"

With this she darted down the mountain with the speed of an antelope. It was useless to follow her, and Albert threw himself on the grass quite discomfited.

"So, then," he mused, "this is one of her

spells Cousin Kate talks of." "Like a little tiger when roused," Mrs. Dewees had told him. "Well, I like her better for it."

That evening, at the table round which the family and company were seated, Mrs. Dewees inquired for Elaine.

"Oh! she ran off into the garden when the tea-bell rang," said Jennie.

"Go tell her I said she should come in and get her supper."

"I wouldn't do that, dear," spoke up the husband. "You know she always dislikes to eat before strangers."

"Well, but I mean to break her of that; this indulgence will make her still more awkward in company."

Mr. Dewees said no more. Jennie returned with—"She won't come." Mrs. Dewees rose in evident anger, and soon, through the open window, she and the little cowering Elaine could be seen approaching. Always timid of strangers, made more shy and awkward by being looked upon as a weed among flowers, but now, worse than all, to see *him* after what had passed, it seemed no less terrible to the artist than to the poor girl; but the will of Mrs. Dewees was inexorable. She was drawn in and seated, despite her red eyes and swollen face; for she had had "one of her frantic spells," her aunt said.

At an early hour Albert withdrew from the company amid many protestations. "I am working out a design," said he, excusing himself.

"Some new painting?" queried his cousin. "You can go, on condition you show it us."

"Agreed," and he bowed himself gracefully out.

A short search, and he found Elaine crouching under a currant-bush, her hands clasped on her knees, and her face hidden by the heavy mass of hair that fell from the bowed head. Child as she was, she was passing through a bitter agony. He, the only one who since her mother died had been really kind, had turned against her. The one little lamp of love that had been lighted in her soul had gone out, and she was groping in darkness along a weary and weary way. For, alas! Elaine knew not the Great Shepherd who would fain carry the lambs in His bosom. Her mother had taught her to pray, but that was a long time ago, and now God seemed to her afar off, and heedless of her cries.

"Elaine!" The young man touched her hand gently, reverently almost.

She stirred not.

"Elaine, believe me when I say I spoke the truth."

She did not look up, only quivered.

"Elaine, for your mother's sake, believe me!"

She could not mistake those tones; there was no mockery there; and so, putting her hands into his, there was peace between them; aye, more than that, a floodgate had been opened in her soul, the pent-up waters gushed forth and syllabled the music—"I love you!" which she had never lisped since her orphanage, save to little Mollie.

"Love me, because I think you pretty, eh?" said the young man laughingly.

"No, not for that; but no one since mother died has ever praised me, and it's so nice. I often could have done things better if aunt had said, 'You are doing right well;' but when she would talk to me about being so shy and awkward, I would get a great deal worse, though I tried hard, and was sure to spoil or break everything I put my hand to, and it just seemed as if nobody cared for me."

"Yes, Elaine; God has cared for you all this time."

"I don't know," she said thoughtfully. "If He had, He wouldn't have let me be so very, very unhappy."

"He had some good reason for it, Elaine; but you need be unhappy no longer; He has sent me to you; don't you thank Him for that?"

"Yes; but I did think it cruel to let me suffer so."

"There will come a time, Elaine, when you will say—'His name is Love!'"

"Do you know what a whim Cousin Albert has taken?" said Mrs. Dewees to a group of select friends one evening. "Why, he has adopted Elaine and started away with her. You remember he said he was working out a design. This is what it was. He was really ungrateful, too; for after we consented to part with the child, and the papers were all made out and signed, he actually told me I hadn't done my duty by her, and that her dead mother would reproach me, could she speak, for the love and sympathy I had withheld from her. Did you ever hear the like? What was she good for but to mope over a book?"

"I know one thing," said Andrew Dewees, rousing from his reverie, "my wrapper and slippers were always ready for me when she was here, and never are now."

"How blessings brighten when they take their flight!"

He did not reply, for he felt he was not blameless. Away over the blue Atlantic, Elaine found a home—a home whose atmosphere was love. No more reproaches, no more sobbings on the hot pillow, no more vain yearnings for sympathy, but a sweet, joyous life, each star upon night's fair face beaming down into her soul a burning eye of love. The ice-chain which had been wound round and round her heart now melted away; the hard views of life formed in childhood were all thawed out in those ten years of new life in which love was the guiding star. The prophetic words of the young artist as she cowered under the currant-bush in her desolation that June night, came to her again and again, and through all the harp-tuned being of Elaine—the now happy bride of Albert Sydney—is trilled in holy song, “*God is love.*”

WHAT DROLL PEOPLE ONE MEETS IN TRAVELLING.

King Solomon said—“He that hath travelled knoweth many things,” and not the least interesting of the strange things which fall under his observation, are the peculiarities of his own race.

Who cannot recall as among the companions of his shortest journey, the inevitable *fat man*, with his rubicund face—in summer set in a frame of wilted linen, and in winter muffled in a woollen shawl—perfectly destitute of all expression, save an inordinate regard for personal comfort, the indulgence of which, doubtless, accounts for the ponderosity which makes you wonder as your eye travels over the man, where he ever finds money to pay for his coats. You never see him put himself out for anybody but “number one,” for whom he is always anxious to secure a double seat in a quiet locality, which I must do him the justice to say, he occupies quietly.

In this respect he is an agreeable contrast to the nervous, wire-strung man, constantly flying about like a teetotum, intruding with pleasant pertinacity upon every one, and disturbing every one within hearing distance with his benevolently instructive conversation—to judge of an injured public.

from which you would take him for a concentrated embodiment of the president, directors, stockholders and employees of the “line,” besides being a “Railway Guide” and universal “drummer” into the bargain.

But it is with an entirely different specimen we have to do at present—the thin, fidgety female. A few years ago we had occasion to take a journey in a stage-coach, through a part of one of the Eastern States. Upon the piazza of a wayside inn where the vehicle stopped to take in supplies for the motive power, namely, a pair of steeds, and a glass of perhaps the same liquid for their conductor—there stood an elderly woman, clad in a snuff-colored gown, green barege

veil, and a bonnet whose very decorations stood out with a defiant air as if the wearer might be advantageously employed by the “strong minded,” to march to Washington and demand the “rights” they have so long petitioned for in vain. Her face seemed to be mostly composed of a pair of blue spectacles and a nose whose length and sharpness seemed to indicate that it had been expressly intended to be thrust into other people's business. She was surrounded by baggage—trunk, band-box, baskets and parcels, of divers shapes and colors, the most of which she insisted upon taking inside the coach, notwithstanding the assurances of the driver that they would be perfectly safe on the top. “Umph! safe. I know how safe things are a-top of a stage. If you don't lose all you've got, you're lucky.”

Sensible woman! No doubt every occupant of the coach could respond assentingly in his heart to that speech, although lacking the independence to make a similar one. What a comfort and what a safety-valve to the outraged feelings of timid travellers, is an occasional meeting with one of those fearless mouthpieces of an injured public.

The driver had opened the colloquy in that frankly benevolent, particularly personal-regard manner which the most pleasant class of public servants (have learned in these days of hypocrisy to) assume; but the old lady proved so impervious to the idea that any one would look after her interests if she did not do so herself, that Jehu began to show signs of wrath. She could not very well ask a place inside for her trunk, but she wisely saw it well bestowed upon the roof—not allowing it to be “put a-top of everything to pitch off at the first hill, nor under anything, to scratch the kiver all up.” That matter arranged, they seized her band-box with the intention of elevating it to the same lofty position; but she pounced upon it

with a shriek—"I guess you will have my best bonnet knockin' round up there in the dust!" and forthwith deposited it inside.

"Look here, we can't allow you to fill up the coach with your traps. Here, Jim, hand me up that basket."

The old lady turned upon Jim with grim defiance. "You touch that basket if you dare!" Then looking up at the driver, "You impident feller! There's a jar o' sass in there wuth more'n your good for nothin' skin. No, I shan't have to pay for two seats, nuther. I can carry it in my lap—I'm strong enough for that, I guess."

"Well, come, it's about time you got aboard; you've hindered us about an hour now."

The good woman was just in the act of entering the coach when this exaggeration fell upon her ear. She withdrew her foot from the step, and standing rigidly upright, and looking at the man with a Puritanical expression of countenance, which none but a New Englander can command, asked in the most severely solemn tone—"Young man, do you know what becomes o' liars?"

The young man gave a growl of disgust, and twitching the "ribbons," said "he'd show her what would become of her, presently;" whereupon she lost no time in securing her place—true to her interests to the last.

All the passengers had enjoyed this scene, with the exception of the fat man, who, as usual, occupied a whole seat; and he looked on with a kind of stolid gloom at the prospect of having to share it with such an individual. But the object of his dread paid no attention to any of those about her until she had ensconced herself to her satisfaction and best judgment in the midst of her parcels, when she turned her scrutinizing gaze upon first one and then another of her fellow-travellers, at last allowing it to rest upon me, who had the good fortune to be seated directly opposite. After studying me for a while in silence, she addressed me.

"Travelled far?"

"From Syracuse," I answered.

"Syracuse! Where's that?"

"In the central part of the State of New York."

"Oh, New York. Travelling alone?"

"No."

"That aint your husband over there, is it?" nodding towards the fat man.

"No."

"Aint married, I s'pose?"

"Yes, I am."

"Got any children?"

"Yes."

"Now, how many?"

"Three."

"All gals?"

"Two girls and one son."

My replies, although not made in an unkind tone, were so brief that the old lady could not make any conversation out of them, especially as she seemed more bent upon acquiring than imparting knowledge; so she leaned back in the seat, casting about in her mind, as I judged, for another question. The interchange of a word and a smile with my companion, presently furnished her with the cue. She bent towards me, and, putting her face close to mine, said in the most considerably confidential manner—"See here, them aint false teeth in your mouth, be they?"

This was too much. I had certainly kept my countenance like a courtier under the first examination, but this question induced a fit of laughter which no sense of politeness could restrain, and which lasted during the remainder of the journey. I was sorry to see that it had a contrary effect upon the seeker after useful information, who frowned upon us with an air of injured innocence, that only made it more impossible for us to control our risibles; and it was probably as great a relief to her as it was to us when the arrival of the stage at C—— ended our journey, and left her at liberty to pursue her inquiries among the rest of her travelling companions.

An oddity of a different description was a woman encountered in a journey in New York State—a woman with a bilious, acrimonious face, a pug nose, and a general expression of disgust and contempt for everything about her. As she was stepping into the stage, a gentleman on the back seat partly rose and asked her if she was "going all the way to V——."

She gave him one short glance of defiance and scorn, and answered—"That's none of your business!"

"I beg your pardon," said the polite gentleman, "I did not mean to be impertinent, I only meant to offer you this seat. I thought if you were going to the end of the route, you would be more comfortable here."

"I'd thank you to mind your own business," was the grateful reply; "I always mind my business, and I wish other people would mind theirs!" and she closed her lips in a decided manner, to ruminate, as we supposed, upon her own business to the end of the journey; but at the next station one of the passengers had a glass of water brought to him, and after drink-

ing it, he remarked that it "tasted as though there had been gin in the glass."

"Well," said the bilious woman, "gin is good. The doctor says I must take it for my janders."

The second sly laugh at the independent

woman's expense, went the rounds of the passengers, some of whom thought they had discovered the source of her independence in the gin-bottle, but it was was doubtless the poor woman's "janders."

MRS. MAURICE'S "KNACK."

Every one said Mrs. Maurice had the most wonderful "knack" at doing everything. She was the most useful person in the neighborhood, all the plain country-people "allowed." If there was a dress to be cut out of a very scant pattern, mother was sure to say—"Run over to Mrs. Maurice with it, Hepsy. She has the greatest knack at such things. Seems almost as though she *made* cloth, sometimes."

And Mrs. Maurice was always willing to set aside her own work to oblige a poor neighbor, though she would never take pay for it. She could not well refuse, though, the many little gifts of fruit or garden vegetables they often sent her in return, and as her own resources were very limited, they often came most opportunely. Indeed, it was a wonder how she did make out with such a scanty income, her husband always in poor health, and three little children to care for. It was her "knack" that enabled her to keep her pleasant little home always in such respectable trim, her children so neatly dressed, and her table set always with some little delicate dish to tempt the appetite of the poor invalid.

It was a curiosity to see the handsome new garments she would contrive for the children out of a box of old clothes a relation used occasionally to send her. They were usually pretty well worn, but her children were smaller than their cousins, and their clothing would cut down beautifully. Fresh braid and new buttons, and a little judicious trimming made them look almost as good as new, and with her excellent care of them, lasted a long time. It was never thought too much trouble to change the nice school frocks for the morning ones, when there was work to be done, and then change back again when they wished to sit down for a pleasant evening together. This kept them in a respectable condition much longer than the new clothes worn by their neighbors. The children were kindly taught the lesson of wise economy from childhood. With their stout, coarse morning dresses on they might run, and romp, and play to their heart's content. Mother wished

them to grow up strong, and hearty, and cheerful, and she knew there was nothing like plenty of out-door air and sunshine to do it. But she also taught them that there was a proper time for everything, and when play was over, it was time for earnest, patient work.

Now every one rather envied Mrs. Maurice her "knack," or "faculty," or "capability," or whatever they chose to call it, but no one dreamed it was as much within her reach as it was of Mrs. Maurice.

The great secret of her success was the same as that of a very successful farmer who was once asked "what he mixed with his soil to make it so much more productive than that of his neighbors."

His answer was short, but comprehensive—"I mix brains with it."

Mrs. Maurice mixed brains with all her duties. She simply thought well over them. If a useful receipt of any sort floated into her way, she saved it, and if it came convenient and seemed about the thing, she tried it.

There is a great deal of valuable material of this kind afloat which is too little regarded.

She thought well over all her expenditures, even down to the pennies. She knew she had none to waste, and she was anxious to make them all go as far as she could for the comfort of her dear ones. She thought carefully over every garment she cut out, and had it all thoroughly planned before she set in the scissors. She always kept on hand the best of patterns of all sorts. Every one in the neighborhood was well aware of that, and found it of great service to themselves and children. Good patterns save yards of good material from being uselessly wasted.

The great secret of Mrs. Maurice's superiority over her other poor neighbors was that she used her best powers of mind as well as of body to get the most comfort out of a small income. If any one else would like to have the same "knack," the way is open to them, and it is a very easy, pleasant way to walk in, too. Trying is believing.

HELPFUL MATTIE.

BY M. D. E. B.

"Where's Mattie?—I want Mattie," piped a little thin voice, just the least bit in the world impatient in its tones—for Willie Gordon, although a sickly, was not in general a fretful child.

He held up in either hand, as he spoke, the head and body of a toy horse, which by some of the mischances common to such possessions, had sustained an injury that seemed at first sight to be almost irremediable.

"But I know Mattie can mend it," he rejoined confidently, fitting the pieces together as well as he could, and laying them carefully by on the window shelf.

"And I want Mattie, too," chimed in his sister Annie, two years older, as she sorted over some bits of silk and calico in her lap. "She promised to make my dolly 'a Garibaldi,' and she needs one shockingly, for she has nothing fit to wear."

If the unceasing wail of the little babe in the cradle meant anything, it might have been interpreted into a call for Mattie also, for no one seemed to notice its piteous cries.

"There, Annie, rock the cradle—do," exclaimed the mother, who just then made her appearance from the cellar, with a plate of butter in one hand and a pitcher of milk in the other.

"I do wish Mattie would come home," she continued, in a complaining voice, shutting the cellar door with her foot, and placing the articles she had brought on the kitchen table, among a variety of pans, and kettles and unwashed crockery-ware that were piled up together in the greatest confusion. "Here's the world and all to do," she kept murmuring, as she bustled about the kitchen. "Ten o'clock if it is a minute, and the breakfast dishes not washed up yet. Dinner must be ready by twelve, and not a sign of a potato pared or unpared that I see. Why couldn't Hannah Brown's mother have kept from getting sick this day of all the days of the year, when Mrs. Worral, our new neighbor, has just sent word she is coming to tea?"

"Is Hannah's mother sick? And is Mrs. Worral coming here to tea?" queried Annie from her corner of the room.

"Yes, child; didn't you hear me say so?"

And then your father must send Mattie away on one of his errands. As if I didn't need all the help I could get."

"Why, mother, aint here us?" said little Willie, trying to stretch himself up above the level of the table, where he had already placed his two elbows, so as to be ready to watch the interesting process of cake-making.

Mrs. Gordon was not an ill-natured woman, although shiftless and indolent, so she laughed merrily at this speech of her little boy.

Mattie was her step-daughter, and had been reared by a careful grandmother and aunt at some distance from the paternal dwelling. But on the death of her aged relative, and the consequent breaking up of the family some months previous, the girl had returned home, and ever since on account of her faculty of putting to rights a disordered household, and her loving ways with the children, she had been held in such request that her absence was sure to be felt and deplored by every member of the family.

"I wonder if you *could* help," said Mrs. Gordon musingly, as if she had happened on a new idea.

She was so used to seeing the day's work go on smoothly beneath the strong hands of her hired help, Hannah Brown, and the defter skill of her daughter Mattie, that, on the present occasion, she had become involved in almost inextricable confusion, and was glad, as she said—"to catch at straws to keep herself from drowning."

So calling to Annie to "put down her baby-rage," she set her to sifting flour for the cake, while little Willie was shown how to shell the peas for dinner. The breakfast dishes were then all huddled together into a pan of hot water; and as the baby had fallen asleep, matters went on very well for about a quarter of an hour. At the end of that time, it was discovered that Willie had been throwing the peas into the slop-pail, reserving the empty pods for dinner. So the children were made to change places—the little boy mounting a chair at the table, to make up for his want of inches.

But, whether he had begun to despair of his ability to help, or whether the unvarying

tendency of the child-genius is to go straight into mischief, or whether indeed he couldn't help it, only a few minutes had elapsed before the chair upon which little Will was perched tilted up, and, catching at the large wooden bowl of flour, in his desperate efforts to save himself from falling, the mealy particles were distributed pretty freely over his head and shoulders, making him look like a dusty little miller.

Although Mrs. Gordon was too careless and fond of her ease ever to get up a regular scolding scene, it was hardly to be expected that she could quite command her temper at this addition to her troubles, nor that, in freeing little Will's hair and jacket from the meal, she should give him not a few extra shakes, and use the heavy crash towel and comb in the course of her operations, more energetically than was at all needed. Certain it was that the child resented her rough usage by crying at the very top of his voice for his favorite Mattie, thereby waking his infant brother, and adding another voice to the domestic discord.

"Well, if I ever!" exclaimed the excited woman. "One would think I was murdering you outright. As if it wasn't bad enough to waste flour at fourteen dollars a barrel, and put me back a good half hour in my work, but you must wake the baby, too, and make him cross and sleepy all day. I do wish Mattie would come home."

"Here I am, mother—here I am, little Will, and darling baby Eddie!" cried a clear, pleasant voice outside; and the next moment a bright-looking girl of fifteen years of age darted into the kitchen.

"Why, mother!" was her first surprised exclamation, as she took in at a glance all the disorder and confusion of the scene.

"Indeed, you may well look astonished!" said the mother desperately. "Did you ever see such a mess?"

Mattie thought she seldom had, for she was used to tidy and timely arrangements of household affairs. But she did not say so, having no doubt the fear of the fifth commandment before her eyes. So she contented herself with actions. It was only a minute before her neat little "Shaker" bonnet was hung up in its proper place, a long-sleeved gingham apron, made high in the neck, drawn over her pretty dark chintz, and her helpful hands ready for their work. First quieting Willie with a cake and a picture-book, which seemed part of her "reserved forces" for such occasions, she lifted

the baby from the cradle, and, imprinting a kiss on his rosy cheek, placed him in his mother's arms.

"Now you can just sit there and rock him to sleep," she said, cheerfully, "and Annie and I can do the rest of the work."

"Annie!" exclaimed the mother, somewhat incredulously, as she dropped, not unwillingly, into the low rocker set for her by Mattie.

"Why not, mother? Annie is eight years old now. Just my age when I went to grandma's; and I could sweep, and dust, and wash dishes then, besides helping with many other turns. I see the breakfast things are nicely drained by this time, so there will be little for her to do except to brighten them with the towel. And now, what's for dinner? Is this large beefsteak all to be cooked at once?"

"I suppose so. But it's a shame how the meat keeps up. Six pounds at twenty-five cents a pound! And your father says the butcher's bills will break him up some of these days. Yet, what am I to do?"

"What were you going to have for tea tonight, when Mr. and Mrs. Worrall come?" asked Mattie, who had been in a deep study over the steak.

"I thought of sending to Farmer White's and buying a pair of fowls. They're precious dear, too. The last I bought were a dollar seventy-five."

"I wouldn't," said Mattie, with a little decided shake of her head. "Let us save the steak for supper, and I will make a nice dish out of the veal that was left from yesterday's dinner."

"But your father don't like cold meat, Mattie."

"It shan't be cold. Here, I will put on the skillet at once with a bit of fresh butter. Then the slices of roast veal, with some salt, pepper and sweet marjoram strewed over them. When these are nicely browned, then turn on the jellied gravy that remained in the sauceboat, and you will have a capital stew. Aunt Ruth used to call it *ragout*."

"That was one of her French dishes, I suppose," said Mrs. Gordon. "But what shall we have for dessert? There is no pie in the house, and I had too much to do this morning to stir up a pudding."

"I'll make father a delicious cup of coffee," said Mattie, "and I know he'll like that better than any dessert we could get him. And now, as Eddie is asleep again, perhaps you can go on with your cake, mother, for the oven is in prime order."

"I wish I had made Hannah knead up some bread before she went away," said Mrs. Gordon, as she proceeded slowly and listlessly to gather up the various articles required for her cake-making. "I am afraid we shall be rather scarce."

"Too late to think of it to-day, mother. But I will see to-night to setting some rising or to-morrow's baking. An' for tea I will make you some nice light soda biscuit."

"Can you make bread and biscuit?" said Mrs. Gordon, pausing in sheer astonishment from her task of beating the eggs for her cake. "Indeed, yes, and could these three years. Aunt Ruth would have been ashamed to have had a great girl like me about her, who couldn't make up a batch of bread. And dear grandma used to praise my biscuits so. She said they were as light and white as a handful of snow-flakes."

Perhaps there were more of that opinion when the company assembled in the afternoon around Mr. Gordon's well-spread tea-table. That gentleman had had many misgivings when he was informed in the morning that their new and stylish neighbors from the city intended to pay them a visit. Their only help obliged to go and nurse her sick mother, and everything left at sixes and sevens! He had been somewhat reassured by the neatness and delicacy with which his noonday meal had been prepared, and the delicious cup of coffee tended no little to raise his spirits, as he walked back to his store in the adjoining town.

But when the hour for his return came round again, and Lawyer Worrall, fresh and spruce, stepped out of his office to accompany him home, the poor man's heart began to sink within him. Mattie was but a child, after all, and there were so many things to be done. Could she indeed accomplish all she had undertaken to do?"

The first glance at his really tasteful cottage dwelling, with the clematis trained over its white walls, dispelled all his fears. The windows of the best room were thrown wide open, and from within came the sound of cheerful talk and pleasant laughter. For Mrs. Gordon was not selfish, and had invited a few special friends to enjoy the company of their new neighbors, and spend a sociable afternoon. She, with her pretty, but somewhat faded and expressionless features, framed in by heavy brown braids that Mattie's helpful fingers had arranged, looked younger and less careworn than he had seen her for many a day.

Mattie had been at the head of everything. She it was who had looped back the white muslin curtains with pink ribbon bows, who had filled the chimney vases with fresh flowers, chose for her mother the becoming blue dress that suited so well with her blond complexion and delicate bloom, who had dressed the children neatly, and then set the two elder ones to draw baby Eddie in his carriage, while the child laughed and crowed with delight—as pretty a tableau as could be presented to their father and his guest, as they came up the long gravel walk.

And then Mattie, having beautified everything else, had been obliged to retreat to the kitchen, like a dinky Cinderella, says some one. By no manner of means. The culinary department has its aesthetics, as well as any other of the arts and sciences. Mattie was as tidy and as fresh-looking as ever. Her pink lawn dress and white ruffled apron were hidden beneath the ample folds of the one she had worn in the morning, which was to be taken off the moment the last dish should be set on the table.

The table itself had been covered and arranged some hours before. The damask tablecloth, pure and white as a snow-drift—the pretty china cups and saucers and dishes, had been under Mattie's especial care ever since her return home. And if the knives and forks were only steel, surely her skilful hands had brightened them until they shone like silver.

One thing had troubled Mattie. Every jar and can of preserved fruits that she had peeped into had been found to be "working" from carelessness in their preparation, and totally unfit for use, until subjected to a boiling and re-sugaring process, not to be thought of at the present crisis. To repair to her mother in this dilemma would, she knew, be but wasting time, for Mrs. Gordon was not famous for what are called "resources" in domestic economy—which sometimes call for an aptitude to contrive relishing dishes out of nothing, or the next thing to it.

Therefore Mattie set herself to thinking. Why a glance at the little weedy plot back of the house, should have suggested a remedy for this emergency, can only be accounted for by tracing out her train of thought. She had been fancying how nice it would be to have a garden, which should supply the table with fruit and vegetables, and devising plans for its future improvement. At any rate, it was not many minutes before the smiles came back to Mattie's dimpled cheeks, and clapping her

hands, she cried triumphantly—"I have it! the very thing—strawberries and cream!"

In a few minutes more, Mattie proceeded to carry her project into effect. She knew of a farmer a few rods off, who had abundance of the delicious fruit picked for the next day's market. Slipping quietly up stairs, she abstracted a few pieces from a little hoard of her own savings—for Mattie had particular reasons for not applying to her father for money—and then as quietly took her way "cross lots" to the farmer's, with a tin pail on either arm. It was not long before she made her appearance again with both vessels filled to their brims—one with the rich scarlet berries, the other with the thick yellow cream, that is the invariable accompaniment of that luxury.

And now all her preparations were complete. Fragrant tea; coffee clear as amber, sending forth a delicious aroma; snowy biscuits that were to be broken, not cut, to receive morsels of golden butter; the steak broiled and browned to a turn, and simmering in its own gravy; the beautiful cut-glass dish piled with the sugar-strewn fruit; and in the midst her mother's large cake, which, strange to say, after the morning's mishaps, had turned out to be a perfect success. No wonder that Mattie stood a few moments and feasted her eyes with the effects of her labor before summoning the guests to take a more substantial share of the good things provided.

But Mattie's helpful hands were soon wanted in more sorrowful scenes, for sickness and death came into the little household. One night her mother called to her in an agony of fright that the baby was taken with spasms, and before the morning dawned, they who had gathered around the little crib saw, with silent awe, that he had gone to be with the angels of God. It was Mattie who had taken the babe in her arms—who had administered the medicines for his relief, and bathed his quivering limbs. And when all was over, it was her hand that closed the waxen lids over the azure eyes, and laid pure white flowers on the little pulseless breast.

For the mother, weak and nerveless, could not bear to see her darling suffer. She could only weep and lament herself, and rock interminably, leaving everything to her step-daughter's management.

In vain were Mattie's gentle remonstrances and entreaties. In vain she tried to lead the mourner to look up to the Paradise of God, where the Good Shepherd was leading her tender lamb beside the green pastures and

still waters. The poor woman, who had never before experienced the real trials of life, utterly refused to be comforted, and only begged to be left alone with her grief.

But this could not last always. Her health began to give way, and the physician said she must be aroused, and her mind diverted from its sorrows. Mattie knew but one way to do this. Could she only succeed in engaging her in some active employment, she felt sure that the physical energy would give tone to the mental.

"Mother," she said one day, "don't you see how pale and low-spirited father is? He scarcely eats anything, and is so silent and dejected that it makes my heart ache to look at him."

"No wonder," sighed Mrs. Gordon, "with such a loss as ours."

"I don't think it is altogether that, mother. Father knows that it is well with dear Eddie; and although we all miss the darling little fellow so much, we cannot but feel thankful that he has had such a short passage through this troublesome world."

"Troublesome indeed!" repeated the mother.

"A weary, weary life, Mattie!"

"But, mother, we may brighten it—may we not? Now I am almost sure that father is embarrassed in his business. I have seen him counting out the money that he gives me for the house expenses with such a troubled look, and he often puts it back, and seems as if he wasn't going to give me anything at all. And you remember that morning before we lost Eddie, when I had to go on an errand for father?"

Mrs. Gordon nodded. Her attention was aroused.

"Well, it was to borrow money from Mr. Short. And he was very gruff, and sent word to father that he was tired of this everlasting lending, and would like to see the money back that he had loaned before. I had to go to two or three other places before I could get what was wanted; and when I gave it to father, he said something about its not lasting long, this stopping the holes in a leaky roof."

"But what can we do, Mattie?" said Mrs. Gordon, sitting fairly upright in her chair, and taking the handkerchief from her face.

"I will tell you, mother. First, let us send Hannah Brown away. She is both untidy and wasteful. And she eats more than she's worth."

"Why, Mattie, what has come over you?" said Mrs. Gordon, the first faint gleam of a

smile beginning to break over her pale face. "How odd, to take notice of what a person eats and drinks! Besides, I could not replace Hannah very easily. Girls are so scarce now-a-days, what with the factories and high wages at other trades."

"I know that, mother, but I don't want to replace her. I shall do very well, with some help from you and Annie."

"Why, Mattie," exclaimed her mother in dismay, "you surely don't expect we can do all the work!"

"Yes, but indeed I do. If you will make beds, sweep and dust, I can undertake the cooking and baking, washing and ironing. Why, mother, see here," continued Mattie, producing a pencil and paper, "what do you suppose Hannah's wages come to in a year?"

"I pay her a dollar and a half a week," said Mrs. Gordon faintly.

"Seventy-eight dollars a year. And if she worked in a factory, and boarded out, she would it is likely have to pay for that and her washing, three dollars a week at the very least. One hundred and fifty-six dollars then it costs us for her board and washing."

"But she does her own washing," urged Mrs. Gordon, who was rather confounded by Mattie's statistics, and confused by her manner of putting things in a strong light.

"It takes our time, and uses our soap," said Mattie quietly.

Mrs. Gordon could not help it—she laughed outright.

Mattie was quite encouraged with her beginning. "Come, mother," she said, "I think we will try it. Two hundred and thirty-four dollars will be no trifle to save in a year. And besides, I have other plans for economizing. Next spring I intended to ask father to have the lot cleared and made into a nice garden. Then we can have plenty of vegetables to use, besides currants, raspberries and strawberries. And why shouldn't we have a couple of pigs to eat up the slops and parings that are now thrown away and wasted? It would be very handy to have salt meat of our own in the house, and not use so much fresh. Then we might keep a few fowls as easy as not. What charming dishes I could make of the eggs! Fried, boiled, scrambled! why, there is no end to the dainties that could be contrived with them."

While Mattie was running on in this strain, Mrs. Gordon hid so far aroused herself as to pick up a piece of work from her daughter's basket, which happened to be an apron for

little Willie, and was busily sewing on it when her husband came home—a sight which did him more good than the nice supper that awaited him.

All Mattie's plans prospered, and were carried out to the letter. Health and peace came back to the little household. Mrs. Gordon was encouraged by the approving looks and kind words of her husband, and the evident relief which their new system of economy afforded him, to make renewed efforts in overcoming her besetting sin of self-indulgence, and in time became a very tolerable house-keeper.

Fewer large joints and high-priced steaks made their appearance at the table. Inferior pieces of meat that would make savory soups and stews, with vegetables from their own garden, and occasionally a plain rice or bread pudding were found both palatable and wholesome, and cut down the butcher's bill more than one half.

Two years from that time, Mr. Gordon came home with a beaming countenance. "I am a free man now, Susie," he cried; "out of debt, out of danger." Then drawing Mattie to him, he continued with much emotion—"We owe all this to you, my child. Your good management and prudent foresight helped me over one of the hardest places I have had to encounter in the whole course of my business. Little though they were, those sums saved in the household expenses, were enough to turn the tide in my favor. I think we must call you 'Helpful Mattie' for the future."

"And she has helped me over some of the hardest places in my life," said his wife, whose happy countenance was a reflection of his own. "But the hardest of all, and the one that required the biggest pull, was when our little Eddie died, and I was fast becoming a wreck both in mind and body."

Can there not be more Helpful Mattie's among us? Who will try what they can do to help father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters? You may not be able to do much, but you can all accomplish something, and thus the habit will be formed of helping to bear the daily burdens of life.

Pleasure which cannot be obtained but by unseasonable and unsuitable expense, must always end in pain; and pleasure which must be enjoyed at the expense of another's pain can never be such as a worthy mind can fully delight in.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

BY G.

English writers, in speaking of this country, represent it as containing no antiquities of interest. They say it has no monuments or ruins, none of the massive remains of former ages; no mouldering abbeys, castles, or baronial towers and dungeons; nothing to connect the imagination and the heart with the past; no recollections of former ages to associate the past with the future. But this country has numerous antiquities of an interesting character; many wonderful records of the former races who inhabited these extensive western regions are being found.

From the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, the more the country is explored and peopled, and the more its surface is penetrated, the more remarkable are its antiquities. There are incontestable marks that a numerous population formerly inhabited this until recently unknown region. On the prairies, near ravines, which indicate the former courses of rivers, these antiquities are found in the greatest numbers; wells artificially walled, different structures for convenience or defence, have been found so numerous as no longer to excite curiosity. Ornaments of silver and of copper, and numberless specimens of pottery of curious workmanship, all tend to show that it was formerly inhabited by a people very different from any of the present tribes of Indians. The mounds proudly rise in the most pleasing positions on these prairies, which at first the eye mistakes for hills; but when it catches the regularity of their breastworks and ditches, it discovers at once that they are the labors of art and of men. Some of them are spread over an extent of acres, and a single traveller has met with more than a hundred of these resting-places of the dead, which are all uniform in character, though diverse in position and form. Some of these are sepulchres filled with bones, while others contain human bodies in a state of preservation; in digging about some of them, domestic utensils have been brought to light, but most of the mounds have been left undisturbed. Many centuries must have passed since they were constructed, as trees are growing on some of them, which have been thought to be six hundred years old.

The highest mound known is twenty-five miles west of Madison, in Dane County, Wisconsin, which can be seen at the distance of twenty miles, and is one thousand, one hundred and seventy feet high, after the rains, the washing, and the crumbling of so many ages. The mounds are mostly found in the finest situations for present culture, and the greatest population clearly has been in those very positions where the most dense future population will be. There are unquestionable demonstrations, that this country was once possessed of a numerous population, and all are compelled to believe that the busy tide of life once flowed here, and that these races were of a very different character from the present generation; but no records, or even the faintest tradition can be found to throw any light on these habitations of men of another age. Yet there is scope for imagination and for contemplation of the past. The men, their joys, their sorrows, and their bones are all buried together. But the grand features of Nature remain. There is the beautiful prairie, over which they "strutted through life's poor play." The forests, the hills, the mounds, lift their heads in unalterable repose, and furnish the same sources of contemplation to us that they did to those generations that have passed away. Here must have been a race of men on these charming plains that had every call from the scenes that surrounded them, to contented existence and tranquil meditation. They were probably innocent and peaceful; for had they been reared amidst wars and quarrels, like the present Indians, they would doubtless have maintained their ground, and their posterity would have remained to this day. Beside them moulder the huge bones of their contemporary beasts, which must have been thrice the size of the elephant. These lonely tombs of the desert fill the imagination and the heart with the past, and the nothingness of the brief dream of human life forces itself on the mind with its projects of ambition, which will not long survive unless filled with acts of real usefulness to mankind.

It is far cheaper to work one's head than one's heart to goodness. I can make a hundred meditations sooner than subdue one sin in my soul.—*Falen*.

THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

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It was on the night of the 31st of December, 1860, that is to say, on New Year's Eve, when I first crossed these mountains; and never shall I forget their beauty and grandeur. They were clothed in the snowy robes of winter. The moon shone brightly. As the train slowly ascended the grade from Altoona—a small town situated at the foot of the Alleghanies—the scenery was very fine. Hardy mountain pines, bending beneath the snows with which they were loaded, covered the uplifted rock masses, and far away down in the depths of the valleys there was the Juniata creek—one of the tributaries of the Susquehanna river—which looked like a thread of silver in the moonbeams. We had a blazing fire of bituminous coal in the car, but the night was so intensely cold that the car windows were covered with a frostwork of feathery crystals, which it was necessary to be continually removing in order to get a sight of the passing scenery without. Unfortunately, just as the view was most enchanting, it would be hidden from me by the dense, white cloud-masses of steam from the engine, but then the vapor would rise above my car window, and I could catch another glimpse of glorious Nature. That night journey over the Alleghanies impressed me so favorably that I determined to revisit them under more favorable circumstances, when their slopes should be again covered with verdure and flowers, and their trees with foliage.

The following account of my botanical trip to these mountains was prepared at Altoona. It was written under the inspiration of their scenery, and whilst the impression left by their many interesting and choice plants was still powerful and vivid.

Altoona, Blair Co., Pa., Sept. 28, 1861.

It is impossible for me to enumerate all the beautiful plants which adorn the surface of these mountains. It is well-known that elevation of the land above the level of the ocean has the same effect on its temperature and vegetation as an increase of distance from the equator. The traveller, for example, who ascends a tropical mountain, passes at first

through the usual tropical vegetation, but as he ascends, the air becomes cooler, the tropical plants disappear, and European genera and even species, analogous, if not absolutely identical with those of temperate climates, present themselves to his astonished vision. As he approaches the snow line, it may be truly said that he enters a climate very similar to that within the Arctic Circle, and accordingly the vegetation becomes wholly Cryptogamous; and analogous to that which prevails during the vegetative season within the polar countries.

Now although the summits of the Alleghanies do not reach the snow-line, yet they are sufficiently elevated to produce a well-marked difference between the vegetation which covers their heights and that which grows in the adjacent valleys—a difference so striking as to be wonderfully illustrative of the above important facts in botanical geography. And this to me was really the most instructive and interesting observation which my visit to these mountains enabled me to make.

The best places for botanizing near Altoona are the Kettle, a gloomy ravine in the Blue Mountains which is rich in mosses and ferns, the Juniata Gap, and Clearfield Creek. The Juniata Gap is about two miles from Altoona. There is a road called the Plank Road which goes over the mountains and which the traveller had better take.

The Plank Road at first leads you over a series of rounded billowy hills or landscape undulations like the gentle heaving of a summer's sea. These are the usual foot-hills which skirt the base of all mountain ranges. Over these you travel, and they render the ascent so gradual that it would be almost imperceptible, if it were not for the increase in your extent of view and the improvement in the scenery. These foot-hills are covered with a flora which strictly preserves the true American type. The woods which cover them, and through which the road has been cut, consists for the most part of the different varieties of oak, hickory, birch, sour gum, sugar-maple, witch-hazel, spice-bush, sassafras, yellow pine, juniper and spruce fir, with an undergrowth of kalmia,

greenbriar, blackberry, huckleberry, and sweet-fern. As you continue the ascent, the road becomes steeper, and your progress upward more toilsome, the prospect widens, and it is impossible to avoid stopping to feast the eyes with the beautiful romantic scenery. There can be no doubt that these are mountains.

If you never knew the difference between hills and mountains before, you know the difference now. Rising behind the foothills is the first mountain range, up which you are now toiling, presenting a bold and in some places almost precipitous escarpment, a wall, as it were, rising before you. The eye follows this range until it perceives beyond another rising still higher, beyond this still another of a bluish tinge, owing to the effect of distance. As the eye continues to ascend the azure steps of this kingly portal to the skies, line rising above line, the mind can scarcely realize the fact that within each of these tints of deeper and still deeper blue there reposes a range of the richest and loveliest limestone valleys of Pennsylvania. Often, with bars of clouds reposing on the horizon, it is impossible for the eye to distinguish the distant lines, or fix where the earth ceases and the heavens commence.

Amidst such scenery the most enthusiastic botanist will for awhile forget his plant-hunting propensity, stop to rest, and at the same time to admire the grandeur of Nature. He will, however, still keep a bright look out for specimens, for such is his nature, and he will be richly rewarded. The trees are of surpassing beauty and magnitude. For example, the mountain magnolia (*Magnolia acuminata*), with its dark green glossy leaves, often twelve inches long by sixteen inches in width, its trunk straight as a plumb-line, grows to the height of one hundred and twenty feet in these mountains. The tulip-tree (*Liriodendron tulipifera*), justly regarded as the pride of the American forests, shoots up a stem as tall and straight as the mast of a ship, almost a hundred feet in height without a limb; it then branches into a kingly diadem of foliage and flowers.

At the time of my visit, the slopes of the mountains were covered with autumnal flowers, amongst which the golden-rod, aster and sunflower were especially conspicuous. The mountain raspberry (*Rubus odoratus*) was in flower, and various species of hawkweed, eupatorium, rudbeckia and coreopsis. The leaves of the sugar-maple were turning yellow,

and those of the smooth sumach a bright crimson.

The first plant which specially attracted my attention as different wholly from those of the country now far beneath me, was the great laurel (*Rhododendron maximum*); then the white wood sorrel (*Oxalis acetosella*) and the enchanter's nightshade (*Circœa Alpina*), both common in the woods in England, but found only on the mountains in Pennsylvania. The yellow wood sorrel (*Oxalis stricta*) of the plains had totally disappeared; in fact, the flora had taken a high northern type.

And now the shrubby undergrowth is gradually disappearing, trees bearing true leaves are not so abundant, and trees of a lower type of organized, such as the larch, yew, juniper, pine and fir predominate, until at length we are fairly under the shadow of the coniferous forest, surrounded by hemlock, spruce and white pine, which have taken a savage and almost exclusive possession of the soil, destroying all other forms of vegetable life beneath them. The branches of these trees wave majestically in the mountain winds, and the trees themselves under its influence give forth a peculiar tone, resembling the roaring of the sea. The shrubbery has gone altogether; but under this coniferous forest there are most splendid beds of feather moss (*Hypnum*), especially of *Hypnum splendens* and *Hypnum crista-castrensis*, the latter the rarest and most beautiful of the British mosses.

During the whole period of his ascent so far, the writer was constantly hearing the noise made by the Juniata Creek, now far beneath him in the depths of the gap. Determining, if possible, whilst the opportunity presented itself, to leave nothing unexamined that was really worth seeing, and anticipating some good botanizing, he struck off from the Plank Road in the direction of the creek, and after descending an almost precipitous slope, covered with fragmentary rock, he arrived at last at its margin. It would be difficult to conceive anything more attractive and wild than the scenery in the Juniata gap. The mountains rising all around in precipitous slopes covered by forests of evergreens, conifers and other trees, the Juniata Creek itself, its stream swift and arrowy, pouring along in its rocky bed in numerous cascades and rapids.

The mosses which cover the stones in the bed of this stream were such as are usually found in such situations, with the exception of a species of *Fontinalis*, which is somewhat rare in the lowlands, and which here was quite

abundant. There was also on the banks an abundance of *Bryum punctatum*, a moss well-known to English Bryologists. It was in splendid fruiting condition.

Soon my progress up the creek was intercepted by an immense tree, which had fallen across its banks. This tree had evidently been firmly rooted on the mountain side for centuries, till enfeebled with age, it had fallen down with a crash before the rude storm-wind; and there it probably yet lies in that forest graveyard, paying back the "debt due to Nature," yielding back to earth and air those borrowed elements out of which it originated. In some of the forests of these mountains the fallen stems of immense trees which have died of age, half cover the ground.

"Low lies the tree to whose erection went
Sweet influences from every element;
Whose living cone the leaves combined to build,
Whose lofty top the morning loved to gild."

After taking a drink from the mountain stream, refreshing himself with ripe huckleberries, blackberries and the aromatic tea-berry (*Gaultheria procumbens*)—a quantity of which grew around him—the writer took a last view of that fallen tree, and again struggled upwards, through brier and bush, over fallen moss and fern-clad rock, admiring the autumnal flowers, and stopping to examine some of them, until at last he regained the mountain road, and sat down on an immense rock to rest himself. The sun was now out bright and warm; but then there was the scenery, and especially the pure mountain air, every draught of which was a luxury, so different from the air in the valleys! The breeze across the rolling sea is sweet, but mountain breezes sweeter.

Soon my attention was attracted to a dark, repulsive-looking lichen, which was growing on the surface of the rock upon which I was seated. This I made out to be a species of *Umbilicaria*—the very genus which contains the celebrated species called by the French Canadians, *Tripe de roche*, or rock tripe, and which sustained the life of Franklin and the other Arctic explorers. Glad to have made the acquaintance of a plant so interesting, I now left the rock and resumed my journey along the mountain road. The ascent here became more gradual. The pine forest is passed through and my labors are nearly over. I near the summit. Now I am on the top of the Alleghany Mountains of Pennsylvania! The reader will probably be curious to know what I saw at this eminence. An ap-

parently flat and sterile country, covered with trees stunted in their growth, and extending for miles and miles in a westerly direction; for the descent of these mountains is just as imperceptible as their ascent. It is now eight miles from Altoona, and I have been ascending the mountain all the way. I am now on its top and shall have to travel in the same direction eight miles further before I am down again. Nay, I am giving an estimate of the magnitude of the Alleghanies far below their real size; for instead of sixteen in some parts it is twenty and even thirty miles over them. The surface of an entire country has been upheaved!

But let us examine the vegetation on the top of the Alleghanies. There are trees, but their growth is stunted—dwarf oaks and chestnuts. You look in vain for an oak tree which grows higher than ten feet; and the average height of the chestnut tree is only fifteen feet. Having been accustomed to the lofty forms of these trees in the lowlands, I confess that I was greatly surprised to find them so dwarfed; and even after I had convinced myself of the identity of the species with those growing below, I involuntarily asked some men who were busy hauling timber on the top of the mountain, whether the woods had not been burnt or cut down? They told me no; and that these trees "never grew any higher on the top of the mountain," on account of the cold weather which prevails there during the greater portion of the year. I found it even then extremely difficult to believe that these puny mountain dwarfs were in reality the same oaks and chestnuts as those growing in the valleys below. How hard it is to give up ideas to which we have been accustomed from infancy, even when we are convinced that they are erroneous!

The scenery of the Alleghanies can never be forgotten by the writer. He does not regret that he availed himself of his chance to visit them. The glimpse of them by moonlight in the snowy robes of winter, their appearance when adorned with foliage and flowers, the purity of the mountain breeze, that rushing mountain stream, that fallen tree—these are images and thoughts of beauty which he obtained by his visit to the Alleghanies. He can now appreciate the poetry of Wordsworth, when he says—

"Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk,
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee; and in after years,

When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies—oh! then
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief
 Shall be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember Nature,
 And these her benedictions.

Mark the glory of collective man! United, he puts forth his mightiest exertions of power. He builds cities, he founds empires, he carries his railroads over the top or through the centre of the mountains, he deposits his cable in the silent and undisturbed depths of the ocean, and transmits his messages through its waters successfully, whether

"Calm or convulsed in breeze, or gale, or storm," it makes no difference. Yet in a few thousand years his cities moulder, his empires fall, and all his greatness and glory perishes like the grass of the field! It is humiliating to the pride of our nature; it is mournful to contemplate.

What is man, after all, but an ephemeron? And his life, however brilliant, does it not soon pass away like a morning dew-drop? But it is not thus with the works of that Infinite and Eternal Being, whose power alone has shattered these solid strata, uplifted these ponderous rocks, and piled them one on the other, even to the very heavens. When He builds, His works last forever, defying for countless ages the wastes of time and the ravages of decay!

The geologist looks at the Alleghanies, wooded up to their very summits, with their sides covered with broken and fragmentary rocks which have evidently fallen from the cliffs above in the course of ages. He thinks of the time that has elapsed since their upheaval, and tries to estimate it not by thousands, but by millions of years. He is in the same difficulty as an astronomer looking through a telescope at some distant star, and trying to estimate the space which intervenes between our little planet and that far-off sun. Oh! there is something ineffably grand in these ancient monuments of Nature, these bold, projecting spurs, with their streamlets which made so long their music in these mountain gaps! Visitors to the Alleghanies not only get plenty of fresh mountain air and exercise, but are taught by their impressive scenery humility of mind and veneration for their Creator.

From this life, as from dungeon bars, we look to the skies, and are refreshed with sweet visions of the home that shall be ours when we are free.

CHILDREN.

Children are much more susceptible than grown-up people to all noxious influences; they are affected by the same things, but much more quickly and seriously, namely: by want of fresh air, of proper warmth, want of cleanliness in house, clothes, bedding, or body, by startling noises, improper food, or want of punctuality; by dullness and by want of light, by too much or too little covering in bed, or when up, by want of the spirit of management generally in those in charge of them. One can, therefore, only press the importance, as being yet greater in the case of children, greatest in the case of sick children, of attending to these things.

That which, however, above all, is known to injure children seriously is foul air, and the most seriously at night. Keeping rooms where they sleep tight shut up is destruction to them.

And if the child's breathing be disordered by disease, a few hours only of much foul air may endanger its life, even where no inconvenience is felt by grown-up persons in the same room.

LESSON TO A SCOLDING MOTHER.

A little girl who had witnessed the perplexity of her mother on a certain occasion, when her fortitude gave way under severe trial, said—"Mother, does God ever fret or scold?"

The query was so abrupt and startling, it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock.

"Why, Lizzie, what makes you ask that question?"

"Why, God is good; you know you used to call him the 'Good Man' when I was little, and I should like to know if He ever scolded."

"No, child; no."

"Well, I'm glad He don't, for scolding always makes me feel so bad, even if it is not me in fault. I don't think that I could love God much if He scolded."

The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of Lizzie sank deep in her heart as she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered in her eyes.

A ROMANCE OF GRENADA.*

BY MRS. ELIZA H. BARKER.

Oh, deem not this a romance from common life apart?
For Love hath writ a romance in every human heart.

<p>Nearer drew the hour of midnight, and the summer moon was high, When from 'neath the arching gateway, slow a train came winding by. Courtly knight on steed and charger, page on barb, and squire beside, Bearing each a blazing torchlight, through the forest slowly ride. With lance at rest and open visor slowly rode the King before, Wherefore gazed he on the heavens, reading all their glories o'er? Goes he forth a foe to conquer, with his plumed knights and train? Ah, his foe is Fate! and never will he see those stars again. Silent rode the King, and slowly came they to the mountain's base, Where the forest, thick and shady, hid the fair moon's blessed face. High before them rose the tower that like embodied darkness reigns. Casting there a night impervious 'round its desolate domains; Ever from its closed portal winds and thunders issuing came, Blowing fierce the blazing torches to a quick and glowing flame. There the King must only enter through that dark mysterious gate; The hand that wields Iberia's sceptre alone may lift the veil from Fate. "Wait an hour, my faithful nobles; if I come not, enter all. There perhaps some cunning foeman, seeks to take me in his thrall. Enter as ye would a fortress, pause not till it well be won, If I come, I know the Future, and my task to Spain is done." Scarce he touched the massive doorway, ere it widely open flung, Hushed the winds and stilled the tempests, yet the thunders echoing rung, Like the war of clashing armies came that discord, harsh and din, Then it seemed to speak in language, "Gothick Roderick, enter in!"</p>	<p>Through that door, the King, advancing, entered now a mighty hall, On each side, like giant pillars, stood a hundred statues tall; They, with swords incessant waving, stood eternal guardians there, While a hundred starry lustres with their radiance filled the air. Straight the statues, downward pointing, with their sabres touched the floor, And the thrall'd and listening monarch heard the din of war no more; But before him rose the towers of his palace, tall and fair, And the plain around in moonlight still was sleeping calmly there. From the tower of Inez, watching, shone that taper far and dim, Which, like hope within her bosom, burnt alone for love and him. Dim and dimmer grew that vision, now the morrow's morn appears; Lo! that plain doth hold an army, 'tis his watchword that he hears— Far! yes, far away in distance, see the Moorish pennons fly, Gleaming sabres, pacing coursers, gleam and pass before his eye. Now! upon that plain meet armies, and another scene is there, Spanish knight and Moor conflicting, fill with clanging, blows the air. See! the thousands onward rushing, cry aloud for King and Spain; From a rock, like waves of ocean, lo! they backward break again; Furious Moors, with sabres gleaming, on their steeds rush madly on, Swords are glancing, banners streaming—horses, riders, all are gone— Whirling clouds have risen o'er them, through those clouds the blazing moon Pours on earth its burning torrents, parching like the dread Simoom. Noon hath come, the clouds are passing, through their folds the fight appears— Hark! the Moor's victorious war shout; now the stricken monarch hears; Still before him is the battle—see, his bleeding thousands lie 'Neath the Moorish horse and sabre, knight and noble, trampled, die.</p>
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*The writer has taken liberties with the facts of history, which are only permitted to the poet, but it is hoped the wild legend here introduced will make this little romance interesting to the reader.

Even Spain's imperial banner sinks to earth—the
 foe has won—
 Then on earth, and air, and ocean, slowly seems
 to set the sun;
 Still the King gazed on, but darkness spread itself
 o'er hill and plain,
 And the tempest's echoing thunders shook the
 mighty hall again;
 Then he knew that earth had for him nothing
 more of weal or woe,
 He had seen in that brief future all that fate could
 ever show.

Sadder yet, and still more slowly, did the monarch
 homeward ride—
 Wherefore shall he send his Inez?—where can she
 in safety bide?
 She, his only care and treasure, ere the coming
 morn must be
 Far from Moorish field and battle, floating free on
 Gallia's sea.
 Then, what matter if he slumber ne'er to wake to
 pain or strife?
 Spain in chains, and Inez banished, what hath he
 to do with life?

Fierce and fiercer waged the batt'e, from sunrise
 till set of sun;
 Then on tower the crescent waving told in Spain
 the Moor had won.
 Through that long disputed battle one small hand
 the banner bore,
 Where the rush of war was thickest, there its folds
 were waving o'er.
 Still where plume and glancing helmet of Iberia's
 fated King,
 There his faithful page still near him would his
 silken standard fling;
 'Mid the roar of cries and carnage, high and
 proudly still it waved,
 And the monarch smiled and wonder'd what its
 boyish guardian braved.
 But he ceased to heed the banner, still it waved as
 proudly on,
 When there came that bitter sunset, page and
 banner both were gone.
 Oh! 'mid dead and bleeding thousands, there is
 one whose closing eye
 Gazes on the transient glories of that summer sun-
 set sky.
 There is one, too, bending o'er him, 'tis the page
 who bathes his brow.
 Ah! Iberia's dying sov'reign, were but Inez with
 thee now!
 Hark! his trembling accents utter, "Inez, loved
 one, fare thee well!
 Tell her, page, her name has conquered death and
 pain as by a spell;
 Bear her all my love, and tell her not in sorrow
 long to weep,
 Life to me was care and turmoil, death be a
 quiet sleep.

Weep not, boy, thou art a brave one. Ah! whose
 hand is on my brow?
 Ah! whose touch? My faithful Inez, Heaven
 hath sent thee to me now.
 Thou, ah! thou hast never left me, fond in life
 and true in death."
 From her lips there came no murmur, but the life-
 blood with her breath;
 Still her weak hand sought to wipe off death's cold
 moisture from his brow,
 And the kiss her lips pressed on it told him she
 was with him now.
 One bright smile his features lightened, then the
 pang of death was o'er,
 And the heart that loves thee, Inez, beats for thee
 on earth no more;
 But ye part not, for the brightness of the grave is
 o'er ye cast,
 And the name thy lips hath murmured bore thy
 spirit as it passed.

Each gentle star that watched above, retired with
 moistened eye—
 How could the moon, pale nurse of love, look down
 and see ye die?

UNDERGRADUATE ORIOLES.

Four little mouths agape forever,
 Four little throats which are never full;
 Four little nestlings who disserve
 One big worm by a mighty pull.

Upon a limb—the lazy fellow!—
 Perches the father, bold and gay,
 Proud of his coat of black and yellow,
 Always singing throughout the day.

Close at their side the watchful mother,
 Quietly sober in dress and song,
 Chooses her place and asks no other,
 Flying and gleaming all day long.

Four little mouths in time grow smaller,
 Four little throats in time are filled.
 Four little nestlings quite appal her,
 Spreading their wings for the sun to gild.

Lazy no longer sits the father;
 His is the care of the singing-school;
 He must teach them to fly and gather
 Splendid worms by the nearest pool.

Swinging away on the shaken branches,
 Under the light of the happy sun;
 Dropping through blossoms like avalanches—
 Father Oriole's work is done.

Four little beaks their mouths embolden,
 Four little throats are round and strong;
 Four little nestlings, fledged and golden,
 Graduate in the world of song.

Round Table.

PAULINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

CHAPTER XIX.—THE TROUBLE SADDER THAN DEATH.

An instant's silence, and then exclamations of terror, and the sound of feet hurrying along the passages in the direction whence the startling shriek and blood-curdling laughter issued.

Breaking the spell of horror that seemed momentarily to deprive him of the power to move, George started up with a smothered ejaculation, and hastily unfastening the door which he had just firmly closed, strode across the hall and up the stairs, followed, after a moment's hesitation, by Pauline, whose apprehensions and sympathies would not permit her to remain behind, though she felt she was to witness the rude unveiling of some wretched secret which her friends would fain hide from curious eyes. The tableau presented to her view as she came among the terror-stricken group gathered at the entrance to Amy's suite of apartments, struck her with the dismay that held the others motionless and speechless.

At the farther end of the room, just upon the threshold of the nursery, stood Douglas with wild, glittering eyes, and tightly compressed lips, clutching with one hand his infant daughter, while with the other he circled her slender throat with a pressure that prevented the faintest outcry, and darkened her waxen face with purple shadows. Before him, white and rigid as if frozen by the horror of the sight on which she looked with fixed, dilated eyes, Amy knelt with hands tightly clasped and lifted in speechless terror and supplication, and lips still parted in the quivering cry that seemed yet echoing fearfully through the house. From her bloodless, agonized face, to the frightened countenances of her friends, the madman's glances shot with fiendish triumph, while he shrieked with defiant laughter at every forward movement to rescue the helpless victim writhing in his grasp. Any attempt to deliver the child by force threatened to hasten the tragedy of which each stood in dumb, awful fear, for an instant's tightening of Douglas' long, nervous fingers on the slight neck which they spanned would have put an end to the feeble, wailing life that had always seemed to torment and madden him. Only by stratagem did it ap-

pear possible to defeat his insane purpose, and save the little one from a horrible death.

But no plan presented itself to the perturbed minds of the terrified spectators; in the wild commotion of their thoughts, they could only realize, for the moment, the frightfulness of the situation, without seeing a way of escape. The devil in Douglas laughed mockingly at their dismay, and his eyes gleamed with fierce exultation as, keenly watching their movements, he tightened or relaxed his hold upon the delicate throat of the gasping babe.

The intensity of Amy's suffering broke at length the spell of horror that had petrified her, and with great drops of perspiration starting from her forehead, she struggled to her feet, uttering a choking cry as if those white, cruel fingers, strong with the fever of madness, were clutching at her own life. Casting her eyes despairingly about her, they fell with a sudden gleam of hope on the open piano at the other side of the room, and moved by the inspiration of a new thought she glided swiftly across the floor, and sinking down before the instrument dropped her weak, trembling fingers on the keys that breathed under her gentle touch a soft, sweet, soothing melody, unspeakably tender and tranquillizing. She had often calmed Douglas in this way when the smouldering fires of madness flashed up in fitful blaze, and his usual melancholy mood yielded to one of restlessness and wildness; but in the terror of that fateful moment, with her darling's life trembling in the balance, she had been too fearfully agitated to think or act with reason, and the shriek which involuntarily escaped her lips had added to the frenzy excited by the cries of the hapless little Kitty whose brief days promised to end even more tragically than her predecessor's.

As the low, tender strains stole softly through the room, the madman turned uneasily like one awaking from a dream, and drew two or three deep sighs, loosening his clasp upon the neck of his elected victim and letting his hand drop unconsciously away. Bryan, thinking this the auspicious moment to save the child, sprang forward and attempted to snatch her from the slackened hold of her tormentor, but quick as lightning

Douglas, interpreting his purpose, gripped the wretched sufferer anew, and leaped upon the sofa with a demoniacal yell, and eyes glaring like those of a wild beast watching over its prey.

The hands of the musician faltered and dropped an instant by her side, and she reeled upon her seat as one fearful backward glance showed to her the awful look in her baby's face; but by a powerful effort she commanded herself to bring her almost paralyzed fingers again to the keys, and the soft, throbbing melody flowed on, gathering emphasis from the thought of the player that a precious life hung upon its charm.

There was a fascination in the sweet murmuring sounds that seemed to move Douglas against his mad will; he set his teeth hard together, and looked wildly about him, as if seeking a way of escape, flinging out his murderous hand to battle off the invisible spirits of harmony; but they crept closer and closer, wooing him with sweet, persuasive voices, and involuntarily his arm fell by his side again, and he dropped down from his defiant position, the look of the wild beast dying slowly out of his eyes.

At a motion of Pauline's hand, George moved away in apparent relinquishment of his purpose, and the other watchers fell back also into shadow, while the tender, soothing voices of the music murmured softly through the breathless stillness, searching for a way of entrance to the madman's troubled soul. Presently, seeming the embodied spirit of the melody, Pauline came gliding toward him with a gentle look of sympathy, and resting her hand lightly on his shoulder, stood, with head slightly bent, listening to the soft, pulsing harmony which had partially subdued him. He started back and eyed her suspiciously a moment, clutching the insensible burden on his arm a little closer; but her full, clear, trustful eyes, lifted sympathetically to his face, reassured him, and he drew nearer, with an air of confidence bending to whisper in her ear, "We will kill the vampire now—it has troubled us so long—so long. See how white Amy is. It has feasted on her blood. She thinks it is her baby; but she is mad—mad. They are all mad. It is dreadful—a house full of lunatics—and only you and I to outwit them and kill this bloodthirsty bat."

Pauline nodded slowly, letting her hand glide down his arm and over the face of the unconscious child, but making no attempt to withdraw her from his clasp. He watched

the movement keenly, and seeing no design to thwart his madly-cherished purpose, pressed closer, whispering confidentially in her ear again—"You and I will have to do the work. You are sane—quite sane. I can trust you. Hold the ghoul. It needs a knife for the business—a sharp, keen, glittering knife. I have it whetted and hidden—I will fetch it. But those sounds," flinging his hands to his head, "those sounds distract me so. I have the knife hidden—hidden—keen—cruel—cutting—if I could think."

He took a step forward, lifted his hand again to his forehead, and paused as if forgetful of his errand. Fainter and fainter throbbed the pulses of the music, slower and slower moved the fingers of the player, whose unnatural strength was fast giving way as the object for which it was put forth neared attainment.

Pauline, taking advantage of poor Douglas' trust, had only escaped with the half dead child into an adjoining room, and securely fastened the door, when a sudden discord jangled through the sweet dying strains, and the overtaxed musician fell backward in a death-like swoon.

Douglas looked about him in wild amazement. The music had quelled somewhat the fierce spirit that actuated him to murderous deeds, and a faint sense of the enormity of the proceeding which had wrought all this confusion and distress, pressed vaguely upon his distempered mind, but still it seemed to him all the work of the household of lunatics with whom he was compelled to live, and with whose vagaries he was so severely tried. When not exasperated by the presence or cries of the special object of his animosity, he was usually quiet and unoffending, pursuing with zeal his old avocations; but poor little Kitty's complainings always maddened him, though since that wild season of religious excitement, when his insanity had first fully manifested itself, he had never risen to such a height of frenzy as upon this night.

Doing with alacrity what she could to assist in resuscitating the nearly murdered child, Pauline, at the first signs of returning life, left her to the tender care of the others, to whom she was as one restored from the dead, and went in quest of Douglas, who, with the idea that had possessed him when his rage was at white heat still vexing his brain, was searching in the strangest places for that knife—keen, cruel, glittering—which he had hidden to do the business.

His belief in Pauline's sanity gave her, for the time, an influence over him which the others could not have, and while seeming to humor his caprices, she persuaded him to relinquish his purpose until a more favorable opportunity for its accomplishment, pacifying him for her betrayal of his trust with reasons that would have convinced only an irrational man, nor him, had his faith in her been less sudden and strong.

"We will wait until morning when I may be able to think where I have hidden the knife," he said. "Those witching music spirits so distracted and unstrung me, I am not fit for the work to-night. But the bat must die. It is the cause of all the trouble that you see here. It has driven every member of the family mad but myself. I only having strength of mind to resist its devilish influence. You will share the same fate if you remain long; indeed, I thought you betrayed signs of mental aberration a little while ago, but I see I was mistaken. You have more of my temperament than the others; still, there is danger. The bat must be slain."

In the late hours of the night the perturbed household having become in a measure quieted, Pauline, a temporary watcher by the cradle bed of little Kitty, was startled by the appearance of Amy, who glided in like a spirit, with face as white as the dead, and unbound hair rippling in golden waves over her snowy wrapper. Coming close to the little one's couch, she dropped silently down upon her knees, stroking with tender mother fingers the baby's poor, pinched face, over which faint shadows swept as the laboring breath came and went, convulsing her narrow chest and deepening the color of the murderous prints upon her slender throat.

"She will die! I feel that she will die!" wailed the wretched mother at last, in a voice of anguish dropping her head in weakness upon Pauline's lap.

"Nay, there is hope. The doctor thinks it possible that she may recover," was the cheerful response, and a soothing hand was passed tenderly over Amy's troubled forehead.

She started up with a look of vague alarm. "Did he—did Doctor Wood know—know the cause—of baby's illness?" she stammered faintly.

"It was not possible to conceal the truth from him, dear; but I should judge him a man with too profound a sense of the sacredness of his office ever to divulge the secrets pressed upon his knowledge in the exercise of his profession."

"Ah! he is a true, honorable, noble-souled man, and a faithful friend," Amy said, dropping her head again to its resting-place. "All this weary, weary trouble of ours is fully known to him—he is our helper and adviser and best comforter; but, somehow, I am shocked to think that even he should know what has happened to-night. I would have concealed this miserable attempt on my baby's life even from these dear home friends, and striven alone to avert the dreaded calamity without alarming them, but in my sudden terror I shrieked involuntarily, and every faculty seemed momentarily palsied, while poor Leonard was excited to a degree of frenzy that he would not have been had I remained composed, and acted with proper presence of mind. I should have been prepared for this terrible event, for it has long threatened me, hanging over my head like a sword suspended by a hair; but it came upon me at last with such suddenness that I was paralyzed. The evening had passed so pleasantly, I had almost forgotten my care; running up to look for a moment on my sleeping darling and assure myself of her safety—oh, my God! (covering her face with her hands) what a sight met my eyes! Has not the terror of this night turned my hair to snow? Nay, then, terror nor anguish cannot do it. Oh, dear friend, God alone knows what I have suffered in the past years. I could not let these precious ones guess my secret fears and trials, lest they should make them a reason for urging upon me a measure to which my love for Leonard will never permit me to consent; I cannot be parted from him a day nor an hour. They think this affliction must weaken my affection for my husband, but on the contrary it is tenfold stronger and deeper than in the first palmy days of our marriage, when I knew nothing, dreamed nothing of this black shadow brooding over his life. His misfortune serves only to bind me closer to him—to make me feel the sacredness and imperishableness of our union. But I love my baby, too; and oh! can you conceive how my soul is rent in this conflict of affections? how Leonard's unnatural antipathy to our little one—his strange caprice regarding her agonizes me and multiplies my troubles? It seems as if I were being drawn asunder by these contesting forces, and yet I have never felt that I could give my darling up; in all the dangers that have threatened her I have prayed God's mercy might be manifested in preserving her life."

The afflicted wife and mother leaned for-

ward and gazed intently again in the face of the suffering and ill-fated child.

"But I feel different to-night," she said at length. "It may be this last awful trial through which I have passed was needed to reconcile me to the thought of parting with my babe. It is enough, oh, God! it is enough. Only grant her blood rest not upon his soul, and I am ready to yield her at Thy bidding."

Pauline bent down, and with arm encircling the white-robed figure by her side, watched the little sufferer, who had fallen into an uneasy slumber. "It is well so," she whispered softly, in answer to the mother's words. "See how frail the casket that holds your precious jewel. The storms of life are rough—she could not withstand them. The heat of the day is fierce—she could not endure. And over her, too, hangs the father's doom, tenfold sadder than death, as your own sufferings attest. But up there, freed from all bodily infirmities and inheritances, and wrought upon only by angelic influences, into what beauty, grace and loveliness your darling will expand."

Amy's face, shining a moment with holy joy, darkened suddenly under a cloud of sorrow. "And yet it is so terrible to part with her—to put her out of my arms—to see her no more in this life, nor know anything of her but what faith vaguely teaches!" she said, in quick, sharp accents of pain. "You cannot feel—no one but a mother can feel the anguish of all this—the wild yearning to hold and to keep—the readiness to suffer all pains and evils, and to accept all risks, and to brave all threatening dangers, even such as you have set before me, if only the dear one may be spared—if I may know daily, hourly, momentarily, how she is faring, what she is doing, the words she is lisping. I do not doubt God's mercy and wise providence, but it seems to me sometimes that even His angels in Heaven cannot care for my baby with such tenderness and faithfulness as I could—that she must pine for the mother-arms and the mother-bosom, even as I for the sound of her voice, the touch of her fairy fingers, the pressure of her cheek against mine."

Beyond a tender look and a closer clasp of the hand there was no answer to this, for words here, as in many cases when they are poured like hail shot on the afflicted, had no mission to fulfil. Philosopher and theologian, with their grand scheme of God's Providence and the Eternal Life, from which the human affections are winnowed as chaff, might smile and shake their heads over this mother's

fancy, but, though her reason should consent to the darkly seen truths which they would urge upon her, still the feeling that her interest for and right in her child were above and beyond the interests and rights of all others in earth or in Heaven, would remain strong, and not by reasoning, but by the subtle, slow-working influences which the wise, loving Father uses to draw us to a knowledge of Himself, would she learn that we belong not to one another, but first, last, and eternally to God.

The night waned, and the morning coming up, found mother and friend still bending over the cradle-couch in their self-imposed watch, while the nurse slumbered in unbroken tranquillity, for where there are no services to perform, all eyes but Love's grow heavy. Something in the faint gray dawn and the chill air striking through the open window (though from without came not the piping of awakening birds, but the subdued thunder of the never silent streets) brought to the minds of the watchers another morning that had broken with like desolateness over the death-bed of another Kitty. Neither spoke of it, but each read the thought of the other in the look interchanged between them, and both turned with fresh solicitude to the fragile little form lying quietly now among the pillows carefully adjusted by tender hands. For an hour the child had been free from the frightful spasms that had followed her revival, and threatened to terminate her frail life, and only an occasional slight convulsion of the chest seemed to disturb her repose. But as they sat watching her in that ghastly mingling of natural and artificial light, they saw, with sinking hearts, the dawning symptoms of another struggle—the purpling face, the wild, protruding eyes, the hands thrown desperately upward, the gasping effort of the respiratory organs to perform their functions.

Amy fell back with an ejaculation to Heaven, and covered her face with her hands. Pauline gently lifted the suffering babe, and bearing her to the open window, placed her in a position to assist respiration, giving such aids as she knew; but the awful struggle went on, the writhing form stiffened in her arms, the open eyes glazed, and, weak and trembling, she sank down with her burden, and composing the convulsed limbs upon her lap, watched the last throes of failing life; for Death had gotten the victory.

Summoning all her strength, Amy dragged herself forward to the side of her friend, and put out her weak hand to smooth her dar-

ling's pale gold hair, damp with the sweat of the struggle, and to close the fading eyes that would never more answer hers with flashes of intelligence; but between the white-faced watchers, performing these last offices for the dying, no word was spoken.

Some sense of the solemn scene transpiring so near her may have pierced to the nurse's brain, dulled by slumber, for she started suddenly into a sitting posture, and gazing a moment in profound astonishment at the group by the opposite window, bustled forward in great excitement, exclaiming, and protesting, and instructing, and insisting until finding herself disregarded, and the restoratives, with which good people are wont to persecute and prolong the agonies of the dying, sadly but firmly rejected, her newly-aroused activity directed itself in another channel, and she was hastening to stir up the household that had but just quieted after the long night of excitement, when Pauline's eye and lifted hand restrained her.

"Disturb no one," she said, softly. "Baby is at rest; all that need be done for her now, we can do."

"Let them sleep," murmured Amy, raising her bowed head. "They are so weary, and they are dreaming the danger is past. The danger is past. Let them sleep on. Now give me my baby. I can let no other hands perform, for the last time, the duty that has always been so sweet to me."

And with that seeming strange calmness which comes with the benumbing thought that all is over, that there is nothing more to hope or fear, ere the agonizing sense of bereavement, which belongs to a later time, strains the heartstrings to breaking, this mother, between baptisms of tears and kisses, arrayed her darling in festal garments, and laid her tenderly in the crib where she had been used to rest, disposing her limbs softly, as if fearing to disturb her sweet sleep, and kneeling down as she had often done to watch her slumbers. And there, nestled among the pale, fragrant blooms that Pauline had strewn over her, the returning friends found peacefully sleeping the frail, beautiful child whom they had left in hope a little time before; or rather, so they found the beautiful clay, but the tender, innocent spirit that had begun to respond so sweetly to theirs, answered not that morning to their tearful calls.

Later in the day, Amy, still upborne by a strength that was not her own, and at which she only wondered, drew Douglas into this

quiet, dim-lighted room, and folding back the draperies that covered the marble figure, glanced from it up to his grave, silent face, with a look of unutterable love and sorrow.

"See, Leonard, our baby is dead," she said, gently slipping her hand in his, and laying her head against his arm. "I have only you now. We have only one another."

Evidently the wild project that had fired his brain the preceding night was utterly forgotten, or remembered only as one of the thousand fancies that vexed him waking and sleeping, but his eye lightened with an instant gleam of hate as it fell on the innocent object of his enmity, and he put out his hand with a gesture of abhorrence, touching rudely the marble-cold form that would shrink no more in terror at his approach. He drew back, shuddering, from the contact, looking fearfully in the wife's sorrowing eyes, a conception of his true relations and surroundings dawning faintly among the distorted images that confused his mind.

"There is something amiss," he said, shaking his head mournfully, and lifting his hand to his brow after a habit he had in these momentary gleams of consciousness. "Dear wife, it is a troubled world—a troubled world!"

CHAPTER XX.—AN UNEXPECTED OFFER OF SALVATION.

As Pauline stepped upon the platform of the last station in her homeward passage, she came in contact with a solemn-looking individual carefully holding a portmanteau and umbrella, and watching, with the apparent intention of taking a seat in, the slow-approaching stage-coach by which she was to accomplish the few remaining miles of her journey.

Curious to know so much of the quality of her probable fellow passenger as was revealed in his physiognomy, and struck, too, by something strangely familiar in his bearing, she gave him a second swift, scrutinizing glance, recognizing in the instant that he turned to her with the old solemn words of greeting, her whilom friend and adviser, Silas Weathergreen. There was only time for the exchange of salutations before entering the stage, of which they chanced to be the sole occupants; but being comfortably seated, the reverend gentleman turned again with a lengthened countenance to his old acquaintance, and opened conversation with his accustomed sepulchral-voiced inquiry after separation.

"And how has the Lord been dealing with you since we last met?"

"Mercifully, most mercifully," Pauline said, in a glad, exhilarant voice, her heart feeling for the moment as light as thistle-down, and the world breaking suddenly into new beauty and splendor before her eyes, the instant effect of association with the Reverend Silas. "Every day of my life has been a new witness of the love and tenderness of the Heavenly Father. That you have been even more abundantly blessed, as you deserve, I have no doubt, my friend."

The solemn-visaged gentleman shook his head and sighed profoundly. "I have always had this consolation in the midst of my afflictions and trials—Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and by the heaviness and frequency of His blows He gives me ample proof of His remembrance and adoption. Is it from such testimony, which alone is unimpeachable, that you derive this assurance of God's love?"

"The testimony of blows, Mr. Weathergreen? Oh, no; my Lord never smites. My smartings and sufferings are all from the lashes of violated laws, and God's love is exercised toward me in softening the inevitable penalties that follow my offences and in greatly multiplying the fruits of my tardy obedience."

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," repeated the Reverend Silas, in grave reproof of his companion's remark. The Christian's life is one of stern discipline and sorrow, and not of indulgence and careless ease. The true disciple toils ever up Mount Calvary, dragging the heavy burden of his Master's cross, and he cannot pause to pull flowers by the way, if any grow, which is not likely on a road whose sharp stones cut and cruel thorns tear his feet. The pleasures of this world are sins which he must sternly resist. In this life he does not look for happiness, but only for toil, and struggle, and suffering."

Pauline shuddered as one does when a black cloud sails over the shining sun, and turned her face to the shifting panorama of beauty on either side of the winding country road. The west was flaming with the gold and crimson glories of the sunset, touching with heavenly splendors the little world set in the circle of the hills, and athrill with the pure, delicious life of spring. The young leaves were fluttering ecstatically under the soft caressings of the wind, troops of brilliant-winged butterflies were swinging through the per-

fumed air, and dropping like gorgeous blossoms into sheltered nooks for the night-sleep, the vast choirs of nest-building birds, resting from their loving labors, were joining in a rapturous *Te Deum* whose sweetness brought tears of joy to the listener's eyes, and afar on the peaceful hill pastures the lambs were leaping in innocent gladness, and herds of cattle grazing and ruminating in happy content. Everything that had life in its own way praising the Infinite Giver.

Pauline turned again to her fellow passenger with misty but luminous eyes.

"In a world so lovely and so eloquent of the goodness of its Creator, it seems impossible to be always sad, or, if not impossible, at least ungrateful," she said. "All Nature rejoices in the fulness of God's love and blessing; shall man alone, on whom He has bestowed Himself more largely, refuse to mingle his breath in this swelling hymn of praise, and reproach the Giver of Life with perpetual sighs and sorrowfulness of countenance?"

"It is because of his greater favor and Divine inheritance from God that the Christian should be sober and watchful, not given to levity and mirth, lest he forfeit, in an unguarded hour his heavenly birthright," said the Reverend Silas. "These dumb, unreasoning creatures, having no promise or hope of immortality, are not assailed by the manifold temptations that besiege us heirs of eternal life, and may rejoice in their brief day without thought or care; but we must work out our salvation with fear and trembling, soberly striving to avert the merited wrath of God by fulfilment of the conditions on which He offers us forgiveness for sins. Living is a serious business, Miss Dudley."

Miss Dudley glanced up at the infinite blue sky that smiled back upon her with Heaven's own promise of peace, and let her eyes fall again to the unilluminated face before her. "I know life is a season of earnest work," she said, "but nowhere in the universe can I find your stern un pitying God of wrath. His likeness is not in the visible world nor in my own soul, or if it be either here or there, I do not recognize it. My God smiles tenderly out of yonder heavenly blue, beckons me from beyond the red banners of the sunset, calls to me from His cloud-capped hills, whispers to me in the wind, the mysterious wood, and the murmuring water-courses, preaches His sublime truths in the thunder of the tempest and the tumult of the rolling centuries, thrills me with adoration of His Spirit manifest in the exalted

lives of His uncanonized Saints, and in all things good and lovely speaks to me unceasingly, and His message always is, 'Abide in me, and be happy.'

"This is the language of the natural heart, not yet wrought upon by spiritual influences, and agonized for its sins, and ready to bear the cross. Oh, my dear young woman, I had hoped when I should meet you again to find you established in grace—a convert to the true faith, and a co-heir to the riches of God's promises; but you seem still drifting at sea, unstayed by the anchor of sound doctrine, and the sport of every wind that blows."

Which words of the Reverend Silas, being interpreted, would read, like those of many of his brethren, "You do not believe as I do, nor feel as I do; therefore, whatever you may believe or feel, you are absolutely and radically wrong, and cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven."

He waited a space for the misguided young person to reply; but knowing of old the uselessness of argument with her fellow-traveller, she remained silent.

"Pray," said he at length, "to what form of doctrine do you at present adhere?—for I suppose you are continually shifting."

She answered, smiling—"I do not attend so much to my beliefs as to my practices, which do not conform so perfectly to the rule of Christ as I could wish. What form of doctrine I hold, matters little—what form of life I live, is of vast importance."

"If the doctrine is right, so will the life be," said the Reverend Silas.

"Nay; if the life is right, so will the doctrine be," transposed Pauline; "and it shall speak eloquently in its own behalf. Now, these various doctrines of men seem to me each like the fabled iron bed of Procrustes, to which every believer, by clipping and stretching, would make all persons and things conform; so, though I fling my heart wide open to their good influences, I shrink from being strained or compressed to the dimensions of any one of them, partly with fear that I shall be seized with a mania for performing the same office on unwary travellers passing my way, and partly that my outlook would henceforth be only in one direction, and all my energies would be spent in whittling and contriving to fit the facts of the universe to my ready-made theory, instead of letting the facts of the universe shape for me a theory that should never become so positive and perfect that new light would cease, through time and

eternity, to be eagerly and earnestly sought after."

"But it is necessary to be fixed and perfected in faith," insisted the young lady's counsellor in a warning voice. "Such freedom as you allow yourself is dangerous to your eternal interests. Beware, or this restless and unsatisfied seeking will wreck you on the rocks of infidelity, as it has already led you into errors of life."

And now the Reverend Silas had got around to the very point at which he had aimed in the beginning of his discourse—namely, a denouncement of his friend's engagement, the knowledge of which had been a source of so much concern and affliction that he had once directed to her an expostulatory letter, which, however, she had failed to receive, or the world might have heard no more of Pauline Dudley in the capacity of public speaker—at least, Reverend Silas fancied so.

This accidental meeting appeared to him specially ordered by Providence to afford him opportunity to remonstrate against the young lady's bold undertaking, and rebuke her for her disregard of apostolic commands. He felt it his duty to have a "solemn talk" with her, and, be it in justice said, he never shrank from such duty. It was his business to talk. Oh, happy he who, in the pleasant task of urging other people to the performance of their duties, feels, as did the Reverend Silas, his own fully discharged!

"Had your mind been stayed by right doctrine," said he, with awful solemnity, "you never would have conceived and put in execution a plan so opposed to gospel teachings as that upon which you have been acting in the past year."

Pauline looked at him inquiringly.

"I refer to your business as public lecturer," he added, with crushing severity.

"You do not approve of it, then?" she asked.

"No!" with terrible emphasis. "Such a proceeding is unsanctioned by God, and contrary to His commands. It is wrong—utterly wrong, and cannot meet the approval of any conscientious, right-thinking man or woman."

"And yet before God my heart never misgives or condemns me for attempting the work, but only for doing it so illy."

"Because you are yet in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity!" exclaimed the Reverend Silas. "What! do you not know that the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked? How can

you look for right counsel from a source so corrupt? How dare you trust to such unstable and delusive guidance? But attend now to what the Bible teaches. Hear what the holy and inspired Paul says to you: 'Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. I suffer not a woman to teach nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.'

"Paul did well to use the first person singular in laying down this injunction," said Pauline quietly. "But what does Jesus say?"

"Unfortunately," answered the Reverend Silas, regretfully, "we have no record of any command direct from Christ's mouth respecting this matter. But we may safely conclude that the order of her creation, and the fact of her first transgression and its consequences had so clearly established woman's true relations by showing the necessity of her subjection to man, that He did not regard it as important to refer by a new commandment to the subject."

Responded Pauline, "With equal safety, and greater justice, we may conclude, from the simple record given us of His dealings with men, which shows His profound respect to the individuality of every human soul, and His recognition of the need of each to look fully and freely up to the Lord of all Truth for instruction and guidance, that He trusted to the influence of His example and to our instinctive reaching after liberty, to teach us that we were not made to live in bondage to one another, but in free and loving obedience to Him alone. And whenever perplexed by doubts and multitudinous counsels, if I turn for help to the ever-burning light of the Gospel, I am soon so fully persuaded that it is not right for me, in any matter of duty, to submit myself to the will and conscience of another but to attend reverently to God's own message to my soul, that though ten thousand Pauls should rise to tell me I ought, being a woman, to put my reason into subjection to the man's and learn of him, I would answer—'Nay; I will learn with him but not of him. Christ alone is my Master!' But are you quite certain that I have offended Paul? I have not usurped authority over the man; I have not aimed to teach him; I have simply spoken the humble truths of my own experience and observation, as I believe I have a perfect right to do. If my brother has higher and more helpful truths to communicate, I do not hinder him. The Fountain upon which we draw is exhaustless, and according to our several capacities we may each receive and dispense."

"But the Apostle's orders concerning this matter do not end here," said Paul's zealous supporter. "He urges yet farther that the young women be taught to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children, to be discreet, chaste keepers at home, good and obedient to their own husbands."

"Oh, true!" assented Pauline. "The inextinguishable man seems never to forget what behavior is becoming in woman as the first transgressor; but still, if he lived in this nineteenth century, don't you believe he would be as charitable as—as you are, Mr. Weathergreen, and allow some liberties to such unfortunates as I, who have no home to keep, or husband to obey?"

The blood rushed up in a scarlet flood to the Reverend Silas' face. Pauline, noting the glow through the gathering twilight, inly marvelled, and felt her own cheeks flushing as a creeping fear of some impropriety in her speech slid snakily into her mind.

The gentleman was strangely confused. His heart beat with alarming violence, and his thoughts turned somersaults, and all the fine arguments he had been holding in reserve were scattered in a game of hide-and-seek, and he was not able to catch one of them. He knew the young woman, with suddenly flaming cheeks, sitting there before him was desperately wicked, but he felt wonderfully drawn to her, and he had unspeakably sweet and sure hope of her. His observation had been sufficient to teach him that these positive natures when once enlisted on the right side are as strong for good as they have been for evil, and he experienced a yearning desire to be intimately concerned in this young person's conversion and salvation. So deep his interest in her we must conclude from what follows, he was ready to sacrifice himself to save her. In that wild tumult of mind, it is not likely he reasoned thus of his motives, but this was the vague impression he had of them, and so he would have explained his action afterward.

"My dear Miss Dudley," he began, and changed his seat opposite her for one by her side, evidently thinking, though the former might serve while he aimed at conviction, the latter was preferable for persuasion, "My dear Miss Dudley, you may have both home and husband if you will accept them, and there will be no longer an excuse for your disregard of the inspired Apostle's command. Ever since our first acquaintance I have felt a deep concern in your welfare—a—a more than pastorly concern, I may say—and I have labored and

prayed for you unceasingly. I cannot feel that my labors and prayers have been in vain; and though I am deeply shocked by the course you are pursuing, and have grieved much over it, I am confident that you need only the constant influence and guidance of a clearer and more stable mind to bring you to a right sense of your duty and place. A woman needs a husband for ballast to steady and keep her in true course; you have only to observe the vagaries, and strange caprices, and wild undertakings of unmarried females to become convinced of this truth, which I think lies largely at the foundation of your own irrational proceedings. It is upon this supposition, at least, that I make you the proposal which I believe you will have the good sense to accept. I have long felt the need of a partner in my labors and though I would greatly prefer you to be a devoted believer, a sober, reverent, obedient nature, I feel ready to take you on trust, certain that the precious influences of religion with which I shall surround you will, in time, lead you to a right understanding of God's requirements, and a disposition to comply with them. I feel, my dear young friend, specially called to exercise a peculiar guardianship over you, and to pluck you as a brand from the burning, and in no way does it appear that I can do this so effectually as by making you my wife."

Pauline looked at him aghast, unable to comprehend, or else completely overwhelmed by his offer. The gentleman knew not which, but he smiled upon her beneficently and assuringly, and would have given her his hand as pledge of his generous intentions, but she shrank away, shivering, to the farthest corner of her seat.

"I hope I fully appreciate the sublime spirit of self-sacrifice which prompts you to this disinterested proposal," she managed to say, "but I cannot permit you to offer yourself up for my sins."

"How?" Reverend Silas understood the words perfectly, but something in the tone of the speaker jarred discordantly upon his unusually excited and sensitive feelings, and he was striving to discover the nature of it.

"In plain words, I cannot be your wife, Mr. Weathergreen," was the very clear and decisive interpretation of that intangible something which had not accorded with his heroic mood.

It was the gentleman's turn to look aghast now. A thunderbolt could not have shaken him more had it struck at his feet. For some

moments he sat quite speechless, and the coach driving on at a furious pace, filled up the silence with its stormy clatter. And then the blank astonishment that had made an exclamation point of his face crooked it suddenly into a point of interrogation, and out of the simplicity of his heart, he asked—"Why?"

Why? She glanced at him in despair. How could she make him understand *why*? Human language was inadequate to explain her reasons. She could not get them into words.

"Because," she said, with a shudder that would have been sufficiently explanatory to most minds, but did not satisfy the Reverend Silas.

"That is a very indefinite reason," said he discontentedly.

"It is a very definite and a very conclusive reason when a woman offers it," she answered, and just then the dear old home, ruinous, yet beautiful with sacred associations, broke on her vision through the rosy spring twilight, and she uttered an involuntary exclamation of joy.

"You refuse my offer, then?" said the Reverend Silas in quicker tones than usual, for the time was short. He could not yet take in the absolute and final truth of his rejection.

"I refuse your offer; and may Heaven forgive you for making it," was the response. "And now let us be friends again, for see I am just at the door of home, and I cannot part with you in even seeming anger."

But the Reverend Silas was too deeply and mortally hurt to receive the lady's overtures with anything like kindness or cordiality, and he barely touched with his finger tips the hand she frankly extended to him in leaving.

"Remember, young woman," he said, mercilessly, "this offer will never be renewed. I grant no day of grace, and repentance hereafter will be vain."

"I will remember—God bless you!" she answered laughing.

And the coach halted, and a sweet voice from the doorway of home called—"Sister has come!"

(To be continued.)

A long time ago, a little boy twelve years old on his way to Vermont, stopped at a country tavern, and paid for his lodging and breakfast by sawing wood, instead of asking it as a gift. Fifty years later, the same boy passed the same little inn as George Peabody, the banker.

WHY NELLY LOST HER LOVER.

It was noticed among the friends of George Lane, that, for some cause unknown to them, a sober hue had fallen on his thoughts. The reason was inferred, and correctly. Arrows from a pair of bright eyes had wounded him, and the pain found no abatement night nor day. Was the maiden coy or unkind? No—the maiden was familiar and tender. There was healing in the eyes that shot forth arrows.

And the pain found no abatement night nor day? None! George Lane was no blind lover, ready to risk all consequences in pursuit of an object; but, a sensible young man who counted the cost. And now he was counting up the cost. This was the reason of his trouble. Love is sweet, but life is a thing of sober earnest; and as George put the love and the life together, taking things as they were, he could not see how love was to leave any permanent sweetness.

An intimate friend, holding him by the hand one day, said—"George, my dear fellow! what has come over you? I don't believe you have smiled for a month. Are you in love?"

"Yes," was the frank reply.

"Aha! A sickness of the mind. Well, I'm glad to know that it's nothing more serious. Love wounds to heal. If, as the poet says,

'Keen transport throbs through every vein,' it is also true that we never know 'so sweet a pain.'

"There is no sweetness in my case," said the young man. "The pain is sharp; and there was no medicine on the arrow-point."

"Then the maiden is unkind?"

"No."

"She loves you in return?"

"If I have any skill in reading eyes."

"What then? Are her parents unwilling?"

"I have never asked them."

"You are a strange lover, to look so woe-begone. Where rests the trouble?"

"There is much beyond love," said Lane.

"Yes."

"Marriage and the cost of living."

"True. But you have a good salary. Has the young lady nothing?"

"She has a father who is doing an excellent business; but the family live at an expense which must cover all, if not more than all the profits."

"Who is the young lady? I will not betray your confidence."

"The youngest daughter of Abraham West,"

"Hardware merchant?"

"The same."

"I know her, and a sweet girl she is. Nelly West. Why, George, she's the very one for you. And you have found favor in her eyes! I congratulate you."

"You needn't, then," was the sombre-faced reply of Lane, "for I am not witless enough to bare my neck to the halter of matrimony, if the act is to bind me to a perpetual serfdom."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply, that the manner in which Mr. West has raised his daughters, unfits them for the position of wives to young men of my condition. They have the education, the tastes and the accomplishments we desire and must have; but their habits and expectations are fatal dowries for any poor young man to accept. They have no fortune to bring their husbands, and yet must be supported in comparative elegance. The idea of useful employment does not seem to have entered their minds. Work, in their view, involves something of degradation. Ah, well! I must dismiss a fond illusion, that was sweet while it lasted. I shall go no farther in this unsafe direction. Some other man, bolder, or less inclined to count the cost, must win consent from a heart it would be a life-long happiness to call my own."

"Nonsense, George," replied the friend.

"If the young lady really loves you, she will adapt herself to your circumstances. Nelly is a charming girl. Press your suit, and after gaining her consent, talk over life's sober realities with her. She has sense and right feeling, and will readily comprehend how much of happiness is involved in your prudent ideas. A woman who loves a man well enough to marry him, will cheerfully accommodate herself to his circumstances."

"Accommodate!" said the young man, curling his lip. "I don't like the word. It hurts my pride."

"Pride is never a good counsellor, George."

"My manhood, then. It hurts my manhood. A young woman, without a dollar in the world, accommodate herself to the circum-

stances of a young man whose income is twelve hundred a year! You can't reconcile me to the case under that plea. My pride, manliness, self-love, or self-esteem—as you will—revolts against the humiliation. No, no—George Lane has independence as well as prudence, and thinks their counsels worth heeding.”

“While I think,” answered the friend, “that George Lane is a little too high strung for the case under consideration. I know Nelly very well, and think her a sensible girl. True, the way in which her parents have conducted her home education is not favorable to just views in life. But love is clear-sighted and strong-hearted. Take her out of her present false relation to society, and she will make you, I am sure, a good wife in every respect.”

“No, sir,” was firmly answered. “Even as I talk with you, and listen to what you say, I grow more resolute in my purpose to recede from a dangerous position. If Nelly was alone in the world, I might act differently. But look at the case as it stands, and see what risks are involved. There are two older sisters, both married; and their husbands’ noses, to use a homely phrase, are well down upon the grindstone, and likely to remain there. Already both have gone through the ordeal of a failure in business; and no wonder; for, not being able, as clerks, to maintain the domestic establishments they were foolish enough to set up in imitation of other people as silly as themselves, they must have stores of their own, from the incomes of which to draw more liberal supplies. And they drew, and drew, with such unscrupulous hands, that more than all the profit was consumed in costly living. Some how or other, in their break-down, they have managed to keep their fine furniture and houses, and still live before the world in what seems to me a shameless extravagance. Both are clerks again; but how they manage to keep up appearances as they do, passes my comprehension. I have met their wives a few times at Mr. West’s, and they hold their heads as high as queens. I am nobody in their estimation! Why, the jewelry, laces and other showy things they flaunt in people’s eyes so shamelessly—seeing that somebody besides their husbands have actually paid for them—cost more than a third of my year’s salary.”

“But you have nothing to do with these ladies,” interposed the friend.

“True, and I don’t mean to have anything to do with them. But the case would have

another bearing were I a brother-in-law. I would have their bad influences operating on my wife. She must have as costly outfittings as they. She must have as fine a house to live in, and as fine furniture to display to her friends; and my nose must come down to the grindstone, like the noses of their unfortunate husbands. I’ve gone over the matter twenty times, or more, and can see it no differently. It won’t do, and there is no use in trying to harmonize things that are utterly incongruous. Take another view. Suppose Nelly came into my view of things, and turned herself away from all these allurements. Suppose we, like sensible people, lived below our income, and set ourselves to make provision for a time when expenses would be greater. I would gradually accumulate; set up business, perhaps, and rise into a position of some influence in the way of money matters. Would I have credit, if not gold at command. Then I must consent to be ruined, or written down as a riser and a churl by the whole family. Papa lives on the extension principle, just making both ends meet, as I infer. Well, tight times come every now and then. He has failed once in his life, and may fail again. When the strain equals resistance, a slight increase of force snaps the shaft or timber. If papa gets in trouble, and son-in-law is all right, son-in-law must go to the rescue, sink or swim. It won’t answer, you see. I’ve counted the cost, and think it too great; have looked over the hedge before leaping, and am afraid of the ditch on the other side.”

“I see how it is,” answered the friend, “you have large caution.”

“Am I not right?”

“Perhaps so. But lovers, whose hearts are as much interested as yours seems to be, are not apt to throw prudential reasons of this character in the way of their happiness. They are usually inclined to take counsel of love alone.”

“I have seen pictures of Love blindfold; but I think blind Love a false god.”

“As you will,” said the friend. “But this I know: If my heart were interested in Nelly, I would never abandon her on the plea you have advanced; at least, not before I was well assured that the false life, which, by a kind of domestic necessity she has thus far led, had so fostered pride and vanity as to deprave her understanding. Be well assured, George, that in this you sin not against your own heart, but the maiden’s!”

“I spent an evening with her last week,”

was replied. "I went with my mind more than half made up to let my lips betray my feelings. It so happened that she was not alone. A young lady was her guest; a sprightly, outspoken, critical, rather sharp-tongued girl of eighteen or twenty—smart enough for twenty, and thoughtless enough for sixteen. People and things were talked about with a flippancy and freedom neither charitable nor delicate. Among other subjects, the marriage of a friend was discussed, and the well or ill of the case settled in a manner that made my cheeks burn.

"I never thought Amy the simpleton to get married in that mean kind of way," remarked the young lady. "She must have wanted a husband! If a man can't do better by me than that, I'd advise him to give my door a wide berth."

"Nelly laughed at her friend, and returned a few assenting words that stung me to the quick. The present of a ring by the young husband was remarked upon. Nelly said it was an emerald, but her friend pronounced it green glass, adding, that nothing but a diamond would have suited her ideas. I waited, in uncomfortable suspense, for Nelly's response. It came, in these words:

"Nothing but diamonds for me!"

"Thoughtlessly said George! Only thoughtlessly said," remarked his friend. "You take too seriously the light speeches of girls, who often talk without thinking, just to hear themselves talk."

"If it was jesting," answered Lane, "the subject was unfortunate at the time. But, this was not all. My ears were quick, and I took in every word and every inflection of voice. Nelly said many other things connected with the subject of their young friend's marriage to a poor young man who could not afford her a 'respectable place in society,' that it would be folly in me to forget. When I left her house that evening, I drew a veil over her image in my heart, and have tried not to lift that veil since. The pain it is costing me I have not been able entirely to conceal, as witness your observation of a change in my appearance. But, I am strong enough to do what reason tells me is right. No word or intimation of what was in my heart have I passed to the young lady, so that I can turn from her without dishonor. Heaven send her a happy lot in life!"

The voice of George Lane faltered a little on the closing sentence. He was fully in earnest, as shown by his subsequent conduct.

More deeply than he had imagined was the heart of Nelly interested, as her pale face, dreamy eyes, and quiet manner long afterwards witnessed. But he did not return. Two years afterwards she married, beginning life with a young husband just in business, who drew from his light capital two thousand dollars to furnish his house in a style suited to the social grade in which she had been moving. In three years, extravagant living had consumed more than all he was worth, and under the pressure of a "tight money market," he failed and was sold out by the sheriff, Nelly being forced to go back, with two children, to her father's house. The husband, in a fit of desperation, went off to California, and died from sickness and exposure among the mines.

In the meantime, George Lane, who could never obliterate Nelly's image from his heart, continued to live a single life. He was now in business, and gradually accumulating property. The death of Nelly's husband, and in a few months afterwards the death of her father, awakened anew his interest. Pity and sympathy began to drop fuel on the smouldering fire of love. He knew that she was poor and dependent; and learned, incidentally, with pain, that since her father's death she was living with her children in the house of a brother-in-law, who was not able to support his own family. That one still dear to him should be thus dependent, and, as he felt, humiliated, hurt the young man. He could not bear the thought, and began turning over in his mind one suggestion of means after another, looking to her relief. But all considerations of delicacy and propriety were in his way. He felt that he could do nothing.

One morning he met her in the street. He was walking, with his eyes on the pavement, thinking of Nelly, when, looking up suddenly, he saw her, at a distance, approaching. She was poorly clad, and had a bundle on her arm, which Lane recognized, at a glance, as work from a clothing store. Their eyes met, and rested in each other. Lane made a motion as if he were about to speak; but Nelly dropped her veil over her face, and moved on with quicker steps. Ere the veil fell, he saw an expression in her eyes, and on her changed and wasted countenance, that filled his heart with the tenderest and the saddest feelings. What a history of suffering was revealed! Was this the Nelly of a few years past? It was; but Nelly chastened, refined, subdued, and sweetened for a purer and truer life—

meeter than before for companionship with such a man as Lane.

The rest need not be told. If Nelly lost her lover when skies were bright, she found him when rain was falling into the dark days of her life, and when painful experiences had made her vision clear.

On the lover's conduct, in turning from Nelly in her sunny days, we give no opinion. We only record the fact, and give the reason. Inferences and opinions are with the reader—and the lesson also.

DAILY RELIGION.

Mr. Spurgeon says many pointed and excellent things. We have, however, seen few better things from his pen than the following brief paragraph, suggestive of the manner in which true religion manifests itself in the daily life:—

"I have no faith in that woman who talks of grace and glory abroad and uses no soap at home. Let the buttons be on the shirts, let the children's socks be mended, let the roast mutton be done to a turn, let the house be as neat as a new pin, and the home be as happy as home can be; and then, when the cannon balls, and the marbles, and the shots and even the grains of sand, are all in the box, even then there will be room for those little deeds of love and faith which, in my Master's name, I seek of you who love His appearing. Serve God by doing common actions in a heavenly spirit, and then, if your daily calling only leaves you cracks and crevices of time, fill these up with holy service. To use the Apostle's words, 'As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men.'"

DOMESTIC ENDEARMENT.—I hold it indeed, to be a sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be, if it be insensible to the pleasures of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family, to the affections of relations, to the fidelity of domestics. Next to being well with his own conscience, the friendship and attachment of a man's family and dependants seems to me one of the most comfortable circumstances of his lot. His situation with regard to either, forms that sort of bosom comfort or disquietude that sticks close to him at all times and seasons, and which, though he may now and then forget it, amidst the bustle of public or the hurry of active life, will resume its place in his thoughts, and its permanent effect on his happiness, at every pause of ambition or of business.

DOG EVIDENCE.

Two men claimed a valuable dog which one was accused of having stolen; "the dog having broken loose and run home to his master." Still the thief persisted that it was his own lawful dog, and the other man was called upon to prove property.

Directly the master called the dog to him and whispered in his ear, giving him at the same time a knowing nod or two. That was enough for good old Caesar. Up he stood on his hind legs, and took a stick in his mouth, going through a very curious performance, which convulsed the court with laughter. The master spoke no words to him, but simply guided him with his eye and a few well understood gestures.

The dog's evidence was instantly taken. It is not often a dog is called upon to testify in a court-room, but this one was, and everybody was well convinced that there was no deception about it.

I remember reading long ago of a murderer who was apprehended by the dog of the murdered man. No suspicion had ever fallen upon him until the sudden fury of the dog whenever he came into his presence attracted attention. There must be some cause for it, as the dog was gentle and quiet towards others. Every time he saw this man, his whole nature seemed to change, and he made a dash at his throat, as if he would tear him to pieces. So terrified was the guilty man, that he confessed his crime and suffered its penalty.

A young man once lost his watch in a large assembly, and stating the case to the door-keeper, obtained permission to bring in his dog for a few minutes. He made known the loss to the keen scenter, and presently he was gliding around quietly among the crowd until at last he seized a man's coat skirts and would not be shaken off. The watch-owner quickly explained, and the suspected person was taken into custody, when it was found that he was carrying on quite an extensive business, as some half dozen watches and various other valuables were found upon him.

The monks of the middle ages had a way of erasing the ancient writings from parchment, that they might substitute the legend of a Saint for the Book of Livo. But there is no art of monk, no device of chemist, which can blot from the child's mind, the early impressions received at home.

LAY SERMONS.

TOWARDS THE LIGHT.

BY M. B. F.

This is emphatically a world of misunderstanding and misconception, not only of thoughts and feelings, but of acts and tendencies. Every day that "lifts up its white chalice out of the night" teaches us how slow we are in detecting real good, in separating the false from the true; and each of the solemn "silent-footed hours" bears away gems of wisdom and pearls of love, and countless diamond opportunities.

Sweet possibilities hold out their hands to us; answers to the soul's questions are spoken in our very ears; all around us swing the wide open doors of the temples of truth, yet how often we turn away and neglect to listen, and carelessly pass the gates of the temples, and then wonder that we lead lives of disappointment.

But sometimes our greatest efforts are baffled. We are lost in an unknown region with the midnight of sin overshadowing us; we wander long hours, knowing not where we are, or how to find the way, for dark clouds hide even the stars above our heads. Our companions, many of them, profess to be able to guide us; but each counsels us to move in a different direction, and in this "maddening maze of things" it is very hard to find one we can trust. Some deliberately deceive, others are sincere, but mistaken; almost always the few who are able to guide us are beyond the reach of our voices, or too absorbed in their own progress to heed us, and so it comes when we find this out, if we ever do, we reject all assistance and grope in the dark, alone, for clues that are rarely found, or stumble recklessly on, ceasing to search for the way.

Who has not felt in dark hours, vainly spent in battling with doubts and striving to solve problematical moral truths, fearful thoughts, almost convictions of the doctrines of the fatalist haunting his mind? If he came forth with his soul unsullied by infidelity, he knew it was God's mercy alone that saved him, and felt it in the depths of his heart.

No wonder that music, the world's truest language, is almost a language of tears. No wonder every peal of joy has an undertone of sadness! No wonder the greatest works of art, those most appreciated by the world, are expressions of its great dissatisfaction and appeals to its passionate longing for rest and light beyond the river! Every one, however ignorant or uncultivated, has noticed this sympathy of genius with the heart of humanity. Perhaps by a picture into which the artist had painted his soul, as it were, or a strain of music, or a burst of eloquence, or a beautiful poem; but

whichever it was, his heart instantly responded, and was drawn to its author in deep appreciation and love.

But how thoughtlessly we hinder one another's progress! How carelessly we shove the obstacles we have moved from our own paths before our struggling companions. We forget we can go but a little way alone. If we outstrip the world, we shall have to wait for it to come up to us. Some obstacle too great for a single hand to remove, will surely stop us; the history of the past teaches us this lesson, so we shall really be doing the most for ourselves when we are working the hardest for the greatest number—when we put aside all selfishness and take up the burdens of the weakest.

And we shall find ourselves growing stronger under the weight of our trials, and calm amidst the dangers to which we are exposed. Out of our common fears, and struggles, and perils, grow the great love of humanity, the thousand deathless ties of affection which are given us as a recompense for the difficulties that harass us in our journey towards the light.

THAT CROSSING.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

[We take this admirable "Lay Sermon" from the *Christian Times and Witness*.]

Mr. Smith lived in a handsome brick house in the suburbs of a flourishing city, and everything around him denoted taste, enterprise and wealth; his grounds were handsomely laid out and ornamented with shade trees, and his fences were models of neatness and invention, and Mr. Smith, leaning over his gate, talking to his opposite neighbor, was portly, rubicund, and smiling.

"I tell you what, Neighbor White," he was saying, "if you'll just help lay a paving over this crossing, it will improve the appearance of things generally, and keep a great deal of subsoil off the sidewalks before our doors. What do you say? shall we begin to-morrow?"

"Well! I don't know about it, neighbor; our folks generally ride, so it wont help them much, and I don't feel called upon to help the public to that amount," was Mr. White's charitable answer; and there the matter rested between them.

But one morning arape fluttered from the door of Neighbor Smith, who had been suddenly summoned "over the river," and soon thereafter the brick house was sold, and a new occupant moved in.

He was a small, nervous-looking man, with a kindly eye that saw only the bright side of everything, and a heart that was alive with the senti-

ments of a living humanity; and he, too, stood one morning at his gate, and thought about the muddy crossing over which so many weary pedestrians plodded along, and his thoughts took shape in this wise: "John"—to his man—"I want you to order a load of stone from the quarry this morning. The garden path needs looking to, and we will build our crossing out of the larger ones." So it came that the crossing was built. It was at the corner of a very wide street, almost out of town, and from one sidewalk to the other there was not a spot where, in wet weather, a foot could rest without sinking. There was a great deal of travel there, but no one had ever built that necessary crossing until Mr. Jones and his man did it.

They stood, the morning after, looking with some pride and appreciation at the large white stones firmly set in the mud, affording a careful foothold for those who crossed. The trees hid Mr. Jones as he stood there and heard public opinion passed upon him.

"Aint it nice?" said two chubby little girls, who had waded through the mud at that particular crossing for half of their short lives. "Now we can go to school every day without getting muddy boots."

A poor woman who worked out came next, with her little lame boy. She was always used to carrying him over the crossing, but now she led him by the hand as he stepped carefully from stone to stone.

"Who buidled it, mother?" asked the boy. "Did God?"

"I guess he told somebody to," was the answer. "This is clever," said one of two men going across. "I fancy the new neighbor did it. This is better than paving with good intentions."

The next comer was a boy as black as jet—Lawyer Clark's "Cupid." He was singing "Jordan am a hard road to trabbel," and stopped to roll up his stout pants.

"Ky!" he said, looking at the solid foundation before him. "If somebody aint been layin' step-pin' stones over 'Jordan!' Guess dis yere nigger shine um boots now. Yah! yah!" and he turned a sudden somersault that took him half way over.

"Now that's something like," said pompous Neighbor White, rubbing his hands as he surveyed the new crossing. "Poor Smith would never have taken hold like that. I'll just step over and offer to pay my half; it will look well."

"It hasn't cost me anything," said Mr. Jones. "It was a good day's work, wasn't it, John? Indeed, I'm rather overpaid for it."

John smiled mysteriously, and Neighbor White went off, saying to himself, "I knew it didn't come out of his pocket." And Mr. Jones has his reward, as all people do have who will step out of the path of self to bridge over with kind deeds some doubtful chasm in the common way, whereby brother travellers may be benefited.

"Oh, happy they who happy make;
Who blessing, still themselves are blest;
Who something spare for others' sake,
And strive, in all things, for the best."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

LITTLE THINGS.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

"Mamma," said Willie, coming into her room, "I've cut my finger—see!"

Mamma laid down her work, and, with soothing words, wrapped a soft rag around the hurt finger. Willie's brown eyes were a little moist, but he tried not to cry, and did not. His mother said cheerfully—"It will be well very soon; it isn't much."

The child looked up in her face, and answered in a sober tone—"It seems a good deal to me!"

He went to his play, and the mother resumed her work; but the childish words lingered in her mind. "I'll remember that," she thought. "What we call trifles, make or mar our children's happiness—in a measure greater than we think, form their characters. A disappointment, a broken toy, an impatient word, seem 'a good deal' to them. How easily we find fault! And yet how prone we are to pass by without notice their efforts 'to be good.' The little thing done to help father

or mother, the giving up a pleasant play to amuse baby, the struggle to keep down the quick temper, tried sometimes almost beyond endurance by what we call the veriest trifle—these are, one and all, a good deal to them."

Yes; and our way, be it right or wrong, of meeting these, is a good deal to our children. How many a child's first real heart-wound is received "in the house of his friends." How often is an act judged by its result, a mistake treated as a fault.

A little girl of three years was one day watching her mother cut out under-clothes. When the lady was called down stairs for a few moments, having left her cloth and scissors on the bed, the child, with the best intention, cut a pretty large piece into tiny bits. "Mamma! mamma!" she said, gleefully, when her mother returned, "I've been he'ping you tat out o'oes!" Poor child! Out of very love she had tried to do a service, and a whipping was her reward.

In beautiful contrast to this was the conduct of

another mother (for these incidents are facts). Her little girl was playing in her room, and heard her say—"I must not forget those stockings—there's a basketful this week."

"Where are they?" Jenny asked.

"They're in the sitting-room," the mother replied, and thought no more of it.

An hour later, she went down stairs, and there sat Jenny in the large arm-chair by the window, the basket on the work-table before her, and her small fingers busy, with a will, sewing the holes over and over.

"See, mother!" she said, looking up with a bright smile, "you had twelve pairs of stockings, and I've done six of 'em!"

With ready tact, the mother took the will for the deed; and though she knew it would be at least half an hour's work to rip the closely-set stitches, she said only—"Well, you're a dear, good little girl, and now you may run out and play."

Forbearance and appreciation like this will make the child's thought of his mother in after years fragrant and precious, a talisman, an inheritance richer than gold or lands. The love that is true enough to be faithful in that which is least will be faithful also in much. And, let us remember, these things that are a good deal to the little child, are a good deal in the sight of Him who was once a child for their sakes, and hath said that what is done to these little ones He hath Himself set in our midst, is done to Him.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

A friend told me not long ago, says a correspondent of the *Mother's Treasury*, a beautiful story about kind words. A good lady, living in one of our large cities, was passing a drinking-saloon just as the keeper was thrusting a young man out into the street. He was very young and very pale; but his haggard face and wild eyes told that he was very far gone in the road to ruin, as with oaths he brandished his clinched fists, threatening to be revenged upon the man who had so ill-used him. This poor young man was so excited and blinded with passion, that he did not see the lady, who stood very near to him, until she laid her hand upon his arm, and spoke in her gentle, loving voice, asking what was the matter.

At the first kind word, the young man started as though a heavy blow had struck him, and turned quickly round, paler than before, and trembling from head to foot. He surveyed the lady for a moment, and then, with a sigh of relief, he said—"I thought it was my mother's voice, it sounded so strangely like it! But her voice has been hushed in death for many years."

"You had a mother, then," said the lady, "and she loved you?"

Bursting into tears, he sobbed out—"Oh yes, I had an angel-mother, and she loved her boy! But, since she died, all the world has been against me,

and I am lost—lost to good society, lost to decency, lost forever!"

"No, not lost forever; for God is merciful, and His pitying love can reach the chief of sinners," said the lady, in her low, sweet voice; and the timely words swept the hidden chords of feeling which had been long untouched, wakening a host of tender emotions, which had been buried very deep beneath the rubbish of sin and crime. More gentle words the lady spoke, and when she passed on her way, the young man followed her. He marked the house which she entered, and wrote the name which was on the door-plate in his little memorandum-book. Then he walked slowly away, with a deep earnest look on his white face, and deeper and more earnest feelings in his aching heart.

Years glided by, and the gentle lady had quite forgotten the incident we have related, when one day a stranger sent up his card, and desired to speak with her. Wondering who it could be, she went down to the parlor, where she found a noble-looking, well-dressed man, who rose deferentially to meet her. Holding out his hand, he said—"Pardon me, madam, for this intrusion; but I have come many miles to thank you for the great service you rendered me a few years ago."

The lady was puzzled, and asked for an explanation, as she did not remember ever having seen the young man before.

"I have changed so much," said he, "that you have quite forgotten me; but though I only saw your face once, I am sure I should have recognized it anywhere. And your voice, too—it is so like my mother's!"

These last words brought to her recollection the poor young man she had spoken to in front of the drinking-saloon so long before, and she mingled her tears with those which were falling slowly over the man's cheeks. After the first gush of emotion had subsided, he sat down, and told how those few gentle words had been instrumental in saving him and making him what he was, "The earnest expression of 'No, not lost forever,' followed me wherever I went, and it always seemed that it was the voice of my mother speaking to me from the tomb. I repeated of my transgressions, and resolved to live a new life; and, by the mercy and grace of God, I have been enabled to resist temptation and keep my good resolutions."

"I never dreamed there was such power in a few kind words before," exclaimed the lady; "and surely ever after this I shall take more pains to speak them to all the sad and suffering ones I meet in the walks of life."

Christianity should not be judged by its worst, but by its best specimens, for even in the best it has much to contend with; and if the world is so bad with Christianity, what would it be without it?

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

GAY AND I CALLED IT "OUR STORY."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Gay was a bookworm!

I could have cried that morning on which I arrived at this grave conclusion. It was the result of several days of silent but keen observation of that youth on my own part.

Shutting my eyes, I can see him just as I did that autumn morning, when he sat in the deep window-shelf, his legs crossed, his head drooped forward over a volume of "Ivanhoe," which he had hunted up in the library, and absorbed in its glowing pictures, in stately pageantries of noble knights and beautiful ladies and prancing steeds clad in armor, that boy was just as totally oblivious of me for the time, as I was of the cattle browsing on the hills a mile distant, and who looked about as large as my brown squirrel.

It was dreadfully provoking. You see Gay was my own cousin, just thirteen, and I was a year and a half behind him.

He had come to spend a couple of months with us, and I had looked forward to his advent as the most delightful thing that could possibly happen to me in this world.

I had, too, a somewhat dull life, with all its comfort, ease and loving care, in the old homestead. There were no other children there. Grandpa was an old man, one of the kindest, gentlest and mellowest of natures, and my Aunt Susan, my mother's oldest sister, had charge of his household.

I was an orphan, without brother or sister, and the prospect of having a playmate and that playmate a boy from the great, distant city, which I had only visited twice in my life, and which was as marvellous and beautiful to me as the visions of fairy-land in my story-books, seemed, as I said, to leave me nothing more to imagine or desire.

I had just anticipated "living out doors" with this city cousin of mine, in rides, rambles, sails, frolics of all sorts, in fishing in the brook, in nuttings in the woods, and lo! in less than a week, all my pretty air-castles tumbled to the ground and were swallowed up in that doleful word, "bookworm."

For there was no doubt that our library, with its green curtains and dark bookcases stretching from the carpet to the low ceiling, exercised at times a more potent spell over the boy's spirit than all the attractions of boat, horse, dog or fishing-rod, those words of enchantment to his age and sex.

Not that Gay had no fancy for these things. I could bear witness to the way he would throw himself heart and soul into all sorts of out-door sports and adventures, and, city-bred boy as he was, he was perfectly at home in barn, field, wood and meadow. But these were not his deepest love—

book held a subtle fascination that could draw him away from all these, and bury him up in its pages utterly lost to everything outside. A slender, dark, rather handsome boy, the only son and the youngest child of wealthy and indulgent parents, it was a marvel that Gay Falkland had escaped the spoiling that would have wrecked many a child, body and soul; but he had.

The vexation and disappointment wrought keenly in me that morning. It was a bright, still one in the late October, a strong, bracing chill in the atmosphere. The frosts had been busy for nights before, and the last one there had been a heavy swoop of winds which had lulled only with the brave sunlight. The ground must be freckled thick with brown chestnuts in the grove a mile off. Such a rare frolic as I had projected, setting out with Gay and the baskets on the back of old Daisy for that grove on the slope of the hill; and now a book had upset it all!

I was not used to self-control. The netting which had not spoiled Gay had wrought more mischief with me. Disappointment and indignation at work in me broke out suddenly.

"I hate books. I just wish there wasn't one in the whole world, except Robinson Crusoe and the Fairy Tales," I cried, jumping up suddenly from my chair, and pushing that over.

The vehement tones brought even Gay out of his book. He looked up and stared at me in surprise, in much the same way that he would at a little live Fury suddenly landed in the midst of them all.

Aunt Sue shook her head gravely. "There'll come a time when you'll live to regret all that. If children only could see what's for their good, and that now is the golden spring-time to plant for the harvest!"

"But they can't. There's the trouble," said grandpa, laying down his book and looking over his spectacles at me, and striking down Aunt Sue's pretty but not very original metaphor with the hard slung-shot of his fact. "If they could have this wisdom and foresight of which you talk, childhood wouldn't be childhood, nor youth youth. We must gain our knowledge and wisdom by slow processes, as the apples out there in the orchard do their ripe juices. I shouldn't wonder if this little Kathie of ours should change her sworn enmity into ardent affection and become a very lover and devourer of books by the time she's half way through her teens.

"I never will," I said, with a stamp of my foot to add energy to my negation. "You see if I ever do that, grandpa."

"But what makes you dislike books so, Cousin Kathie?" asked Gay, with his thumb and fore-

anger between the leaves of "Ivanhoe," just where I had arrested his eyes.

My answer was prompt and decided—"Because they keep one in the house, still as a mouse. One might just as well be asleep as to be reading, for any good times out doors—no rides, no frolics, no fun, but just poring all day over a book. I wish you'd let me make one grand bonfire of the library, grandfather."

"Ah, I see where the shoe pinches. You wanted to go over to the grove this morning," laughed grandpa.

"Yes, I did; and now that old 'Ivanhoe' must turn up and spoil it all!"

My faults were numerous enough at that time; the wedding has given me plenty of trouble since; but insincerity was not, I believe, one of them.

"But, Kathie, I would have gone with you," said Gay. "Why didn't you say something about it after breakfast?"

"Because I saw very well you'd rather read the book, and I wouldn't have you go just to please me."

"Just like a woman," said grandpa, with an amused twinkle of the eyes over the gold bows of his glasses. "Yet, Kathie, my child, I do not object to your spirit on that account."

"Oh, dear, that child will be spoiled, father," said Aunt Sue, with another grave little shake of the head, quite unconscious that she did, at least, her full share in the spoiling.

I don't think my grandfather heard her. He had gone to the window and was looking out on the morning with its brave sunlight, and its strong, bright coloring of sky and earth everywhere.

"It was just such a morning as this nearly sixty years ago," he murmured to himself.

I brightened up at this; so did Gay, his book slipping down from his fingers on the window shelf. A story always lay behind such words.

"Oh, grandpa, tell us what happened that morning," I cried, eager and outspoken as ever.

The old man sat down; removed his spectacles; around the fine old face hung bright the locks of snowy hair—shocks of grain fully ripe.

"Hungry and footsore, tired, lonely, friendless, homeless that morning, if you had been alive and standing at the west window yonder, you might have seen a little boy coming over the bridge beyond the creek, and taking the old turnpike road that led up to the lane which at that time ran past this very house. I can't conceive of a much more forlorn object in this world than this little fellow made at that time. He had slept all night in a barn; he had neither supper nor breakfast, and the only thing he possessed in the wide world was the coarse and ragged clothes which were on him."

"Why, grandpa," I cried out, "where were the boy's relations? What had brought him to such an awful condition as that?"

"His family were all dead—his uncle, the last

of them, had followed his kin only a week before, and the boy had overheard the neighbors talk of 'binding him out' to one of their number, a coarse, narrow, hard man, against whom his whole soul revolted. So he had run away—a child of eight years, knowing nothing of the world—to seek his fortunes, and 'what was everybody's business, was nobody's'—there was no very stringent search made for the little waif; so, after three days wanderings he found himself coming up the lane, where the old house stood, looking, for all the world, as it does now.

"There were a few late robins in the orchard; the apple-trees there were a good deal younger than they are now, though they bear their years bravely; there was a glitter of frost on the grass and heaps of bright color among the leaves, and here and there a glow of golden-rod by the bars that shut in the pasture.

"The little fellow's heart ached drearily enough—so drearily that over all these years my own, though it is the heart of an old man, leans down to that boy and pities him now; no pleasant voice, no loving look, no roof to shelter, no crust to eat in all this cold world. That morning everything seemed hard and cruel to him—a brave boy, you see, with a stout soul inside, but just then he was pinched with hunger and chilled with cold, and I think he would have been very glad to lie down and die.

"On one side of the house, just opposite the wood-shed, lay a small heap of wood, sawed and split, and just ready for piling up in the wood-shed. A thought struck the boy. He was, as I said, very hungry, and the old house wore a pleasant, friendly look in his eyes, as comfortable houses always do to the homeless; he saw a drift of blue smoke curling out of the wide mouth of the back chimney, and the sight suggested a warm breakfast to him. His mouth watered. I think hunger and cold made him desperate—he went right up to the side door—the very one, children, by the clumps of quinces where you run in and out a dozen times a day, and he knocked there.

"A little girl came to the door, with just the blue eyes of Kathie, and dimples in her chin, and a color like ripe strawberries in her cheeks. She stared at the boy with a face full of wonder and curiosity.

"'I'm very hungry,' he said, going straight to the point. 'I haven't had any breakfast, and I thought perhaps you'd give me some if I'd pay for it by piling up the wood yonder, in the shed.'

"Such a look of pity as came into the small, sweet face. I can see it now," and I thought my grandfather's voice quivered a moment.

"'Oh, come right in!' she said. 'We'll give you some breakfast, and we don't want any pay, either.'

"The boy followed the girl into the house, the darkness and despair seeming to slip off from his soul at the sound of that bright, ringing voice. A

middle-aged man, with a pleasant face sat by a great, cheerful fire. He turned his head and saw the boy standing there. "What does this mean?" he asked, and the little girl went over to his side and whispered a moment in his ear.

"Then this man made the boy come over and warm himself by the great, red, cheerful blaze, and asked him a great many questions, and drew out of the child the mournful little chapter of his life, and the more he heard the softer his face and his voice grew.

"At last he spoke. 'Well, my little man, go out into the kitchen yonder, and make up for lost time. Don't you stop eating until you can't get down another mouthful! Show him the way, Esther.

"The little girl led the boy into the great kitchen, yonder, and set him down before a table which held, to his eyes, a feast fit for kings.

"When at last the meal was over, the boy having literally obeyed the injunction of the master of the house, the little girl came up to his chair and held a small picture-book in bright red bindings before him. Picture-books were more rare and costly luxuries then than now.

"I'll give it to you," she said, 'pictures, and reading, and all! You can't think how much you'll like it!'

"But I don't know how to read," answered the boy; and the tears came into his eyes.

"Don't you?" said the child, her face again full of pity and wonder. A bright look dashed all that out. 'Well, I'll tell you, if you'll stay here with us. I can teach you how to read.'

"Staying there' seemed a thing too good to be dreamed of, and very much like entering straight into Heaven to the homeless little wanderer.

"When he returned to the sitting-room again with Esther, he found a lady sitting there, with a gentle, motherly face that held a strong likeness to the little girl's. She called him 'poor little boy,' the sweet-faced lady; she made him come to the fire, and she smoothed his rough hair tenderly, and they made him tell his little mournful story over again, and the lady listened with the tears in her eyes.

"When it was done, Esther said—'Papa, I've given him my picture-books with the pretty stories in them. But he says he can't read. I've promised to teach him, though, if he'll only stay here. You'll let him, won't you?'

"Yes, Esther; he shall stay here, and have a good home so long as he is a good boy. He can bring wood and run of errands, and make himself useful in a thousand ways to you and mother, and we shall all try to make him happy."

"So they took the little lonely wanderer into their home and hearts. He has lived here from that day to this."

"Lived here—from that day to this? What do you mean, grandpa?" I cried.

"Just what I said, Kathie."

"But—but, he isn't here now! What was the boy's name?"

"Solomon Falkland."

"Why, that is your name, grandpa!"

"Just so."

Here Gay broke in—"You don't mean to say that poor, homeless, hungry, cold little fellow was you, grandfather?"

"I mean it was I, Gay!"

I looked at Aunt Sue in blank amazement, and rubbed my eyes, thinking I must be dreaming. The tears sparkled in hers, but a smile shone through them.

"Did you ever hear all this before, Aunt Sue?"

"Oh, yes, Kathie; a good many times."

"I can't make it seem real," surveying my grandfather, the handsome, stately old man in his gold glasses and cashmere dressing-gown. "To think you were ever poor, and hungry, and ragged, and without a home—why grandpa!"

"The Lord has been very good to me since that time, my child!" he answered—voice and face a good deal moved.

"And who was that little girl?" asked Gay.

"Your own grandmother—Esther Falkland, my boy!"

In the parlor hung a portrait of a sweet-faced, matronly lady. She had been dead for a dozen years, but the portrait and the stories we daily heard of her made our grandmother like the living to Gay and me.

"Did you ever?" I said to my cousin, unable to carry my astonishment into any farther syllables.

"Kathie, it isn't too late," he said. "We'll take Daisy and go over into the grove and gather chestnuts. 'Ivanhoe' can wait until another day."

This time I saw he wanted to go. He was grave and thoughtful—so was I, all the way, but I think we never had quite so pleasant a day together as that one in the chestnut grove. We were fond of each other before, but that story of grandpa's brought us closer together, and bound us with a new bond, and though wide oceans have parted, and many years have gone since we heard the tale, Gay and I call it now, as then, "our story."

A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the caterpillar of industry, the tunnel of wealth, the ale-house benefactor, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble, the woe of his wife, the scoff of his neighbor, his own shame, the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man.

LEARNING.—Learning is wealth to the poor, an honor to the rich, an aid to the young, and a support and comfort to the aged.

BUT ONE.—During his last hours, Sir Walter Scott, having requested his son-in-law to read, and being asked what book, replied, "Need you ask? There is but one."

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

ALWAYS MEET YOUR HUSBAND WITH A SMILE.

It has always been a favorite question with a certain class of philosophers, what shall be done to right those wrongs matrimonial which have disturbed the world ever since the first pair were created, and which will probably continue as long as the earth is inhabited by human beings who are neither saints nor angels—how to avoid those domestic jars which will occur even in the “best regulated families,” and are such frequent sources of misery. The blame of this state of things for some reason, probably lack of refutation, seems to have fallen upon woman, (doubtless it originated with a sulky Adam always ready, having sinned, to complain, “The woman tempted me,”) and so nearly all efforts toward reform have been directed to the weaker sex until some intellect more brilliant than the rest in a fit of inspiration devised this wholesale cure for all domestic trouble—“Always meet your husband with a smile.”

This piece of advice has become trite through its frequent use by numerous writers, who tell us that this is the oil which is to adjust all the intricate machinery of the married state, soothing all conjugal infelicities, easing burdens and causing the yoke matrimonial to be borne with resignation, if not with positive cheerfulness. It is now some years since the sentiment was first advanced, and homilies have been written to elucidate its point, and novels and Sunday-school story books without number to illustrate its practical working. According to these wise heads the remedy is as infallible as soothing sirup—it has never been known to fail, and is all that is necessary to render every home a paradise.

Not long since some one of the injured sex more courageous than the rest dared to brave this sentiment, which was becoming universal, and came out with the assertion that it was *not* a woman's duty to always smile sweetly upon her liege lord under all circumstances and conditions; that if she was nearly “worried to death” with peevish, fretful children, and blundering or dishonest servants, she had every right to show her vexation and dissatisfaction to the companion of her bosom—every right to scold when the bread was sour, every right to look cross when the children tore their frocks and filled their hair with molasses candy. The boldness of the proposition must have astonished its opponents into silence, for of late the question seems to have been little discussed.

To me the advice always appeared an absurd piece of nonsense. What need to tell a wife to

“always meet her husband with a smile.” How can she help it, when his coming is, as it ought to be, a joy to the whole household, the one event of the day most longed for by mother and little ones.

How can she help it, if through long, weary hours she has been looking forward to the comfort of his presence, the aid of his strength to bear the trying burdens of her life. Does the patient ox quarrel with his yokefellow that comes to help him with his load?

No matter how overburdened with cares, no matter how wearied or fatigued, his coming will bring a joy to her face which is only a faint type of the gladness that is in her heart.

If it will not, if the husband is not all this and more to his family at home, then it is his own fault, and he does not deserve that his wife should “meet him with a smile.”

M——

DREAMLAND.

BY MAY LEONARD.

A kiss for his lips, and one for his brow,
And two for his sleepy eyes;
No danger that walks the wide world now
Knows where the little one lies.

The moon shines soft and the winds breathe low,
And the bright stars twinkle on high,
And up from the courtyard the fountain's flow
Floats in like a lullaby.

The little one's limbs are tired with play,
He's gone to the land of dreams,
To daisied meadows, where he may stray,
Or bathe in crystal streams.

To endless forests of stately pines
Where *each* is a Christmas-tree!
To wonderful gold and silver mines,
And the treasures of the sea.

To a milk-white pony that *he* may ride,
And down on the streamlet clear
A tiny canoe his hand may guide
With never a thought of fear.

The little one reigns a monarch, now,
Whatever he likes his own,
A fairy crown is upon his brow,
And his is a magical throne.

He has fruits and flowers, and marvellous toys,
And all that is dainty or rare,
And troops of merriest girls and boys
His treasures and sports to share.

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When morning reddens the eastern sky,
And the lights of Dreamland pale,
Will he waken from sleep with a heavy sigh
To life that is weary and stale?

No; his kingdom fades at the dawn of day,
Its magical charms grow dim.
But the world that to us seems cold and gray
Is still fairyland to him.

INSIGHT.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

There is a class of people, few indeed, whose mission in the world is not realized. It is those who are endowed with an insight, a prevision, that would make them serve to blind gropers in human affairs, as one who has his natural eyesight to the physically blind. This gift is prized too little by those who possess it, and by others. Some seem to see instinctively the relation between cause and effect, not only in past affairs, but in projected ones. They will tell you at once, *why* things have happened—and *how* they will happen.

I have an acquaintance who belongs to this class. He has a fine organization. The temperaments are about equally mixed in him—the mental predominating. A large development of causality, of spirituality. His clear seeing is owing, no doubt, primarily to this; and then he keeps himself “unspotted from the world;” that is, he does not join in the race of gain, the strife of traffic, leaving his mind clear and calm, ready to take impressions—not unsettled and beclouded by perplexities and harassing cares. Keeping it unbiased by prejudice, and a narrow, short-sighted self-interest—content with enough, simple in his tastes, though refined—he sees human affairs from a height, and through a clear medium.

More might attain his mental clear-sightedness, in a greater degree than they now possess it, did they live his life; that is, did they live nearer to nature—to truth, though not gifted with so susceptible, well-balanced an organization.

This is no fiction. The case is as I state it. A neighbor is going to embark in a speculation. My friend says he will fail—he feels he will fail—he sees he will fail, and the result is as he predicted. People say it is chance, but events almost invariably turn out as he predicts.

A brother-in-law who has had no experience of farming affairs, buys a farm, with a view of becoming a practical farmer. “It is of no use,” S—— says. “He will have to give it up.” And two years proved the truth of what he said. Other friends said—“I don’t see why he should not succeed? Why can’t he do as others do? His land is as good as that of those around him. They make a living from it, why should not he?”

“He is not fitted for that kind of life,” S—— persisted. He could not have demonstrated to their comprehension, fully, his unfitness, any more

than he could have shown clearly to a crazy fellow in the neighborhood, who asked him the question—why lucifer matches could not be made of sunbeams.

A marriage is to take place. The happy couple are congratulated on all sides. “There was never a couple so fitted for each other,” the friends say,

“Unhappiness will flow from that match,” S—— says.

“Why?”

“Why! Is it possible you can’t see? Why, it looks as plain to me as if you should harness an ox and a high mettled racer together, that they would not pull in concert.”

“But harmony proceeds from opposites, Cousin S——,” a sentimental Miss observes.

“Yes, sometimes, but not from such opposites as those in question.”

A year proves the truth of what he said. I might multiply instances of this sort. He utters his predictions only among familiar friends, and even they heed him little. He does not wish to make himself a mentor for others unless they desire it.

NOSEOLOGY.

Every little while some new disciple of Lavater in magazine or review treats us to a long disquisition upon the science of Physiognomy, finding in some particular feature the strongest indications of individual character. A recent writer discovers the nose to be the feature which more than any other points out strength or weakness of mind and will in its possessor. Speaking of great thinkers and powerful actors, he says:

“You will never be able to find a man of intense reflective powers having a nose thin and sharp at the nostril. The grand nose of Lavater we have already described; but the cogitative nose is something quite different from it. It only refers to the gristly parts below the bridge of the nose. It may, or may not, be found in connection with beauty. Oliver Cromwell’s is truly ugly, but so indicative of vigor and portentous energy that a sensitive man might throw himself into a fit of terror by mere dint of gazing on its dropping flesh-point, rostrated and broadly incurved like the adze of a shipwright. Coleridge’s forms a remarkable contrast to Cromwell’s. It has the broad, thoughtful character in a very large degree, but in other respects it is a weak, a lamentably weak nose, only a quarter of the length of the face, whilst Cromwell’s exceeds a third. There is no physiognomy in all picture galleries, sculptor’s chisel-work, or numismatic record, since kings first struck their type in metal, that stands out like terrible old Noll’s, for a man to govern, lead a fight, yet on the whole do justice. There is a wavy beautifulness about Philip’s head of Coleridge—but we are upon noses, and must say, ‘Alas! that nose.’ There is nothing commoner than the defect of that nose. Every

tenth man you meet is Lilliputian-Roman; and while such superlative energy belongs to the genuine eagle-beak, that the sagacious Greeks bestowed it on Jupiter himself, this Lilliput-Roman is the very antithesis of will. Embellish it prodigally as you will with gifts, it has no power. It is weaker than a 'snub.' It is at the opposite pole to Roman energy. Beware of trusting business to a Lilliput-Roman. Yet we have seen these noses pretending to authority, to be fathers of a family, and to have a wife in subjection to them. Subjection! why nothing could make anything on earth submit to them but another inch in length tacked on to them. . . . The difference is startling when you turn from this period to the noses of the French Revolution, and the general expression of the countenance. Prettiness distinguishes the nose, and cruelty the face of these men. One sees distinctly in the French countenances, what history demonstrates, that those men were leaders by accident, rapidly succeeded each other, and were the product or scum of chaos and anarchy. It was not their individual will shaping events, and grandly directing, that raised them to that eminence, but a volcanic eruption that tosses out stones in showers which quickly drop, yet leaves a cloud of ashes and lightest dross floating for a time, until blown away miles to seaward. It has been said that words etymologically considered are 'fossil history,' and so the noses of an epoch are a synopsis of its history."

A THORN FOR THE PILLOW.

BY M. O. J.

"Let those flowers alone! Let those flowers alone!"

Little Benny started at the harsh tones, looked up in grandpa's face, then at the rose in his hand—it was so beautiful—he had wanted it so very much, and he was feeling so happy with it, when those tones reached his ear, and changed his sunshine to clouds. Poor little Benny! He dropped the flower, and tears rolling down his face, turned away, and went into the house to find mother and be comforted. Little did the old man know how sorely he had grieved the child's heart! He was not usually unkind to him. But the little one remembered the words, and however much he longed to hold those bright blossoms in his hand when the garden was robbed in beauty—to have a single one for his own, he never plucked another.

Summer came again, and the flowers bloomed, and no one need watch them. The tiny hand that once tried to clasp them, lay still and cold on a pulseless bosom. The wild flowers bloomed over little Benny's rest; the green grass waved above it in the soft June breezes; and the birds sang sweet notes that could not wake him, any more than the cry of sorrow! In a fairer garden roved the child-spirit; and angel hands, it may be,

wreathed his brow with fadeless flowers, while his own tiny hands could gather all they would—for *the flowers of Heaven are not too good for children!* Whatever the child-heart, the child-soul may be accounted here, there they are of more value than many flowers.

It is a sad little story that I write—sad, in that it is true. Many a thorn for the pillow in after years is thoughtlessly planted. And many a heart would—too late—give a hundred-fold what it has needlessly denied.

WHAT THE WIND SAYS.

"Do you know what the December wind says, grandpa?" asked a little child at an old merchant's knee.

"No, puss; what does it say?" he answered, stroking her fair hair.

"Remember the poor!" grandpa. When it comes down the chimney, it roars, 'Remember the poor.' When it puts its great mouth to the keyhole, it whistles, 'Remember the poor.' When it strides through a crack in the door, it whispers it; and, grandpa, when it blows your beautiful silver hair about in the street, and you shiver and button up your coat, does it not get at your ear and say so too, in a still, small voice, grandpa?"

"Why, what does the child mean?" cried grandpa, who, I am afraid, had been used to shut his heart against such words. "You want a new muff and tippet, I reckon. A pretty way to get them out of your old grandpa."

"No, grandpa," said the child, earnestly, shaking her head; "no, it's the so-muff-and-tippet children I'm thinking of; my mother always remembers them, and so do I try too."

After the next storm, the old merchant sent fifty dollars to the treasurer of a relief society, and said "Call for more when you want it." The treasurer stared with surprise, for it was the first time he had ever collected more than a dollar from him, and that, he thought, came grudgingly."

"Why," said the rich merchant, afterwards, "I could never get rid of that child's words; they stuck like glue."

"And a little child shall lead them," says the Scripture. How many a cold heart has melted, and a close heart opened, by the simple earnestness and suggestive words of a child.

WHAT-NOT.

FAINTING.—A fact which has frequently attracted comment in these days, viz., the rarity of fainting scenes in modern novels, is thus referred to by Henry Kingsley, in a recent periodical:—

"Ladies do not faint now-a-days—at least but rarely. If one can trust a perfect mass of evidence, oral and written, syncope, at the end of the last century, and up to the thirty-fifth year of this, was a habit with ladies. A story without a swoon

was impossible until lately. Let us thank Heaven comfortably that our mothers, wives, and daughters have given up the evil habit of becoming cataleptic at the occurrence of anything in the least degree surprising. Although society gains undoubtedly by ladies giving up the habit of swooning on every possible occasion, yet fiction loses. For a swoon, in an old novel, was merely a conventional and convenient aposiopesis.

THE WISHING CAP.

If fairy tales were true
And fortunes were my hap,
I'll tell you what I'd do,
If I'd the wishing cap:
I'd make each maid a wife,
Who'd give both heart and hand;
And all domestic strife
I'd banish from the land.

No arm that wrought or plough'd
Should ever toil in vain;
The great should not be proud,
The small should not complain;
The friendship of a friend
Should last through good and ill;
And, constant to the end,
Should guide the wand'rer still.

All rulers should be just,
All people should be wise,
And swords and spears should rust
For lack of enemies;
The triumphs of our time
Should bless the poorest lot,
And misery and crime
Should die and be forgot.

JET, AMBER AND CORAL.—According to Boetius, jet is a sovereign preservative from nocturnal fears, ghosts and spectres. Still older are some of the superstitions concerning amber, for Pliny says that amber necklaces hung about the necks of children will protect them against witchcraft and sorcery. It is even now believed by some that an amber necklace is an infallible charm and protection against erysipelas. In like manner coral charms are supposed to avert the influence of the evil eye, and to be efficacious against the delusions of the devil.

ANECDOTE OF JOSEPHINE.—It is said that when the Emperor Napoleon jokingly hissed the Empress Josephine, who was acting a little operative part in the theatre in the Palace at St. Cloud, she demurely stepped forward and remarked, that any one of the audience who was dissatisfied with the performance might retire and have his money returned to him at the doors. The consequent laughter was uproarious.

Southey says, in one of his letters:—"I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when he eats cherries that they might

look the larger and more tempting. In like manner, I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I cannot cast my cares away, yet I pack them in as little compass as possible, and carry them as conveniently as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

Let politicians wrangle on and bicker;
We choose a quiet gossip with thy vicar.
Thy village rural is deserted never,
For travellers are flocking to it ever.

I.

"Forms without body, and impassive air, in dead
of night
Break my short sleep, and skim before my sight."

II.

"Jove's own tree
That holds the woods in awful sovereignty,
Requires a depth of lodging in the ground,
And next the lower skies a bed profound."

III.

"With unresisted might the monarch reigns;
He raises mountains, and he levels plains."

IV.

"Known by her quiver and her lofty mien,
She walks majestic, and she looks a queen."

V.

"Repairer of decay,
Whose balms renew the limbs to labors of the day,
Care shuns thy soft approach, and sullen flies
away."

VI.

"For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries
wear.

If not the first, the fairest of the year;
For thee the graces lead the dancing hours,
And nature's ready pencil paints the flowers."

VII.

"Her moony horns were on her forehead placed,
And yellow sheaves her shining temples graced;
A mitre for a crown she wore on high;
The dog and dappled bull were waiting by."

VIII.

"Not squeezed by art,
But shed from nature like a kindly shower."

IX.

"Thus formed for speed, he challenges the wind,
And leaves the Seythian arrow far behind."

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN AUGUST No.—

May — Day.

M arrie D

A zale A

Y earl Y

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

HOMELY TALK.

BY ROSELLA.

I often wonder how some housekeepers can be satisfied to allow their pantry shelves to be crowded with the useless stuff that will accumulate on them. It appears slovenly, and is so.

There are notable housewives on whose pantry shelves are the same old boxes, and bundles, and baskets, that were there years ago—things that are never looked into or used, only to be tumbled aside in the dusty search for something lost.

There should be nothing kept in the pantry, or on the shelves, except what is used often. It is not much trouble to go to the farthest corner closet in the house once or twice a week, for any article you use no oftener, especially if it is something unsightly. It is very gratifying to a housewife to have things neat and in order, even in the pantry. A woman cannot feel ease and self-possession if this useful appendage to her kitchen is lumbered up with all sorts of things, and the condensed odor of many steaming dinners pervades her clothes, and the kitchen, and the adjoining convenient little bedroom. It makes her feel that she is of the earth, earthy; like pork, and cabbage, and onions, and soiled tablecloths, and greasy dish-water.

How frequently do we detect the kitcheny smell of boiled dinners, and burnt lard, and fried ham, on beautiful shawls and soft, fine merino dresses. This should not be so, even if the mistress of the house does all her own work; and it will not be, if her kitchen is airy and well ventilated—not a close little ten by twelve corner with its accessories heaped within it.

I observe even in farmers' homes a desire manifested to cast odium upon the kitchen. A lady said to me lately, "Why your kitchen is one of the pleasantest rooms in your house. I'd make a family parlor of it yet, and have a kitchen just large enough to turn round in. Judge Swell and Dr. Gray have theirs that way."

I measured the little dear from head to foot, with a half angry eye, and then looked about over my sunny, roomy kitchen, from whose south window my glad gaze daily takes in one of the finest landscapes in the state. Pastoral, and poetical, and perfect.

Beside that lowly window have I grown rich in sweet memories, while true thoughts have flown to and fro like flocks of summer birds, and the holiest inspiration that ever rejoiced my soul came to me there.

Many women think while they are busy in the

kitchen they are at liberty to go dirty, and ill dressed, and often appear thus before their husbands and brothers. This is wrong. Of all men, these who hold us dearest should see us appearing well and in neat attire. For their sakes it is not much trouble to brush one's hair back freshly, to wear a clean dress and collar, and smile at troublesome thoughts away from us. Our lives are so short and so closely inked together here that our interests can hardly be separate.

If a woman dresses slovenly, her thoughts will be slovenly too. She cannot be herself, cannot feel calm and dignified, and be in possession of a sweet, serene state of mind. It is surprising the effect neatness of person and attire have on one's demeanor.

Household cares are in no way degrading to the noblest of women. Cooking and eating are earnest things that must have attention, and they can ennoble. Still I like to hide the machinery of the domestic laboratory and let the beautiful come in as much as possible. Just as we would woo a green vine to overrun and hide a rough, unsightly stone pile, and from the irregular heap make a mound of trembling leaves and greenness a "thing of beauty." I like to see a glass of fresh flowers on the dinner-table, even if they droop gracefully beside a plate of boiled beef.

J. E. McC. suggested once in the "Home Magazine" that we all keep cakes baked, and something convenient at all times, ready to give any poor traveller, tired woman or little child who might be the better of our hospitality. The suggestion was excellent, and I hope it went right home to all women as it did to me. It was a little thing that we never thought of before, and now, after these many years, we thank her for it.

Since then I always leave the coffee-pot about the kitchen stove so as to add a cup of hot coffee to the lunch. And I have been amply rewarded in seeing the needful beverage brighten up sad eyes, quicken lagging footsteps, and send the weary ones on their way renewed in strength and spirits, and feeling that the world is a very good abiding place, after all.

As the fall fruits are now nearly ready for preserving, we insert a few receipts which may be found useful:—

APRICOT JAM.—Let the fruit be just in maturity, but not overripe. Remove the skins, then cut the apricots in halves. Crack the stones, take out the kernels, bleach them in boiling water, and then pound them in a mortar. Boil the broken stones, skins and parings in double the quantity of water

required for the jam. Reduce it in the boiling to one-half of its original quantity. Then strain it through a jelly-bag. To each pound of prepared apricots put a quarter of a pint of this juice, a pound of sifted loaf sugar, and the pounded kernels. Put it on the fire, which should be brisk, and stir the whole with a wooden spoon until it is of a nice consistence, but without being very stiff, or it would have a bad flavor. Put it immediately into pots, and let these stand uncovered during twenty-four hours. Then strew a little sifted sugar over the upper surface of the jam in each pot, and tie egged paper over each pot, and on the paper write "Apricot jam."

PEACH JAM.—This confection should be made of the cling-stone peach in preference, it being more juicy and of a higher flavor than the other kind of peach, the stone of which separates from the pulp. Treat the peaches exactly in the manner directed for apricots, using the same quantity of sugar.

NECTARINE JAM.—Pare, stone and cut the nectarines, and prepare the juice in the manner directed for the apricot jam. To every ounce of the kernels add two bitter almonds, and, instead of pounding, cut them into small bits and mix them with the jam over the fire. In other respects proceed as already indicated.

GREEN-GAGE JAM.—To give this jam a more decided color, you may express the juice of the leaves of spinach, and add a sufficient quantity to the water in which the parings are boiled, to give it a green color. Some leave the skins, but this gives an unpleasant astringency to the jam. Proceed in all respects as directed for apricot jam, except that, instead of a pound, put eighteen ounces of sugar to every pound of fruit.

APPLE JAM.—The apples, which should be ripe, and of the best eating sort, being pared and quartered, are put into a pan with just water to cover them, and boiled until they can be reduced to a mash. Then for each pound of the pared apples a pound of sifted sugar is added, being sprinkled over the boiling mixture. Boil and stir it well, until reduced to a jam. Then put it into pots.

The above is the most simple way of making it; but to have it of the best possible clearness, make a thick sirup with three pounds of sugar to each pint of water, and clarify it with an egg, as before directed. Then add one pint of this sirup for every three pounds of apples, and boil the jam to a proper thickness.

CRAB-APPLE JAM.—Pare the crab-apples when quite ripe. Put them into a stone jar, cover it well, and put it in a pan of boiling water for an

hour and a half. Then prepare the sirup with two pounds of sugar in half a pint of water, for every pound of the apples. Clarify the sirup. Then put the apples into it, and boil the whole to a jam.

OYSTER PATTIES IN BATTER.—Make a batter with the yolk of one egg (or more, according to the quantity of oysters you intend to prepare), a little nutmeg, some beaten mace, a little flour, and a little salt; dip in the oysters, and fry them in lard to a nice light brown. If preferred, a little parsley may be shred very fine, and mixed with the batter. The batter may also be made thicker, and formed into the shape of a patty, or put into a small tin mould, the oyster being dropped in and covered over, and the whole baked as a pudding would be.

PRESERVED PEACHES.—Peel, stone, and, if necessary, cut your fruit in slices; to one pound of fruit add three-quarters of a pound of pounded loaf sugar, to be put with the peaches in a deep earthen-ware dish, and allowed to remain all night; then let them boil in their own sirup, gently and carefully skimming it all the time. When nearly done some of the kernels may be blanched and added, which is a great improvement. Put the jam into jars, and leave it open till perfectly cold, then cover with bladders. This is an excellent recipe, and will answer equally well for apricots, green-gages and the *magnum bonum* and egg plums; only in the two latter fruits the kernels may be omitted.

SNOW CREAM.—A very simple dish. No sweet dish is more agreeable or easily made for small parties than the following snow cream. If the recipe is closely followed, any family may enjoy it at a trifling expense, and it is really worthy the table of an epicure. Put in a stewpan four ounces of ground rice, two ounces of sugar, a few drops of the essence of almonds, or any other essence you choose, with two ounces of fresh butter; add a quart of milk, boil from fifteen to twenty minutes till it forms a smooth substance, though not too thick; then pour into a mould previously oiled, and serve when cold and well set. If the mould be dipped in warm water, the cream will turn out like a jelly. If no mould, put either in cups or a pie-dish. The rice had better be done a little too much than under.

TO REMOVE PAINT AND VARNISH.—Varnish may be removed by rubbing with spirits of turpentine. Paint spots may be either softened by heat and scraped off and rubbed with turpentine, or they may be dissolved by caustic lye, made by boiling together two ounces of washing soda and the same amount of lime in half a pint of water.

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS.

There is little that is new in the fashionable world, the same styles prevail as through the summer months. In dresses, sashes and waistbands are very much worn; the sashes are made very broad and trimmed like the dress. As this is a very becoming ornament, it will doubtless become universal. Concerning what may be expected in bonnets, we clip the following from foreign papers:

Bonnets are gradually diminishing in size, and in many instances are reduced to mere head-dresses, such as were seen formerly at evening parties only. At some *fêtes* more than one coral and pearl net, with a single flower at the side, have been seen in the place of what hitherto were designated as bonnets.

Bonnets of white fancy straw are edged with narrow velvet—scarlet, for instance—have narrow velvet strings of the same color, and wreaths of strawberry leaves and blossoms on a scarlet velvet band. At times the edging and strings are of blue velvet, the chapeau being wreathed with clusters of white grapes and richly-variegated green and brown vine leaves, or with branches of scarlet coral intermingled with brown oak leaves.

With regard to colored bonnets, a rich warm brown appears to be the fashionable hue just now. They are commonly made of crape or straw, but occasionally are formed of a single broad plait of silk, and are mostly trimmed with wreaths of dead autumn leaves or of variegated ivy, vine, or mulberry leaves of a rich brown tint; the berries and fruit being either gilt or of some burnished metal

of a purple and golden hue. These bonnets are likewise worn encircled with metal wreaths of wild roses, the leaves being of an olive brown bronze, and the flowers of burnished gold; while the strings, whether of crape or of ribbon, are invariably of the same shade or color as the material of the bonnet. Mauve and violet colored chapeaux on goffered crape or tulle, at times dotted over with small pearl beads, with veil and strings to match, are much worn, because they suit nearly all complexions; the only flowers, however, with which they are trimmed are violets, and the only fruit, purple grapes—these last being generally of metal.

Walking dresses, we are told, are more in favor and gayer than ever. The favorite colors are Empress blue and the new *cuir*, a shade difficult to describe, as it has a reddish hue on it; these are the two fashionable colors in Paris at present.

Instead of looped-up dresses over fully-trimmed petticoats, a preference appears to be evinced for *redingotes* or gored skirts buttoned down the front and almost entirely covering the short petticoat, which is invariably the same shade as the *redingote*. The *redingote* does not fit the figure quite closely, but, as a wide fringed sash is worn over it, it is drawn to the figure. The petticoat is trimmed either with a fluted flounce or with five cross-out bands. If a toilette is desired in two colors—say gray and blue—gray bands are arranged on a blue petticoat, the *redingote* is gray, and the wide sash is blue. The *redingote* has pleats in the back.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

STEPHEN DANE. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A strong book and deserving much more than a passing notice. The hero is a young man, whom, at the opening of the tale, we find engaged in a foundry under a hard, exacting taskmaster. At home he has an intemperate, imbecile father, and a cousin who keeps the house—a woman of coarse parentage and manners, and bestowing upon the hero an unrequited affection. For when we are introduced to the young man, Stephen Dane, he is just turned of twenty-three, and a restless longing has seized him to be something more in life than the sluggish humanity which he sees about him. The way this is accomplished, and the curious pro-

vidence which lifted him, it is the purpose of the story to develop.

He possesses mechanical genius, and this makes him a friend in Adams, a foreman in the foundry where he is employed, while it also makes him an enemy in the person of his employer, and they come at last to hot words, and Dane leaves the shop. That afternoon Vennard, the owner of the foundry, is murdered. Dane, by accident learns that it is his old imbecile father that has committed the deed, unintentionally, as it afterwards appears, since he only meant to knock his victim down and rob him of five hundred dollars which he knew to be in his possession. Stephen obtains the money, screens his father, and the murderer never is found out.

His cousin and housekeeper, Jo Dane, discovers the money and thinks Stephen the murderer, but never breathes her suspicion on account of her great love for him. Adams, the foreman, after this event, persuades Dane to go to Philadelphia with him and set up a new business. Stephen uses the five hundred dollars in this venture, not daring to return it now to the rightful owner, but thinking he will send it after a while, as a debt due the estate, and having a thought also in his mind of a child of the murdered man, a fairy-like little creature named Hope, whom he has seen once or twice around the foundry. Stephen Dane's new venture with a joint invention of himself and Adams proves to be a great success, and he grows wealthy. Jo, his cousin, still keeps house for him in the city, and he takes tender care of the old father, who loses his mind completely directly after he has committed the murder. Finally the old man dies, and Stephen resolves to look up the family of the murdered man and restore the money, principal and interest. By accident he stumbles upon little Hope in New York city, and finds herself and her mother in the greatest destitution. The mother dies, and he takes the child home, educates her, and at seventeen avows his love for her and finds it fully reciprocated. Hope confides her joy to Jo, who, stung by jealousy—for she has loved the man devotedly all along—reveals her belief that Stephen was her father's murderer. Hope goes away secretly, and Jo is stricken down with fever. From this attack the latter never recovers, but lingers for several months. Stephen, learning of her devotion, despairing of Hope, and wishing to repair the wrong he fancies he has been guilty of toward Jo, offers to marry her. This she refuses, developing gentle womanly dignity and character as she nears the Spirit Land, heartily sorry for the wrong she has done, particularly when she learns that Stephen did not commit the murder, and does not rest content until she has brought Hope back. She still lives for several weeks, Hope and Stephen attending to her with the utmost devotion, and it is not until after her death that the lovers become reconciled and renew their vows.

We pay unusual attention to this tale because the writer is comparatively unknown in the literary world, and because the story shows evidences of a real talent which may and ought to develop into great results.

The delicate shades of feeling here portrayed, the gradual development of character, the interesting events which bring out the same, are all the etchings of no unskilful pen. We shall look with no ordinary interest for other works from the same author.

NEIGHBORS' WIVES. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is a very unhappy story about very mean people. We have seldom met with so many painfully disagreeable persons within the covers of one

book. We think the author must have been the victim of unfortunate circumstances at the time of its conception. As one would rather choose pleasant acquaintances and happy experiences in his own every-day life, so, in the choice of books, we naturally prefer to meet with attractive individuals rather than those who are vicious or idle. As we would avoid a Faustina Dane if thrown in her society, as we would scout a Tasso Smith, should we be afflicted with his presence, so in a book we feel for such people the repugnance which their living presence would excite. That the characters are forcibly drawn, none can deny. A little less coloring would have been preferable perhaps. Mr. Trowbridge is a writer of undoubted talent, and can, and often does say through his imaginary people a great many very smart things, but it is sometimes spoiled, as in the present instance, by the appearance of trying to be clever. The plot is defective at times in that its mysteries are too soon explained, and nothing is left to the imagination of the reader. It loses much of its interest from this cause. As a whole, the work will be "taking," no doubt. It has many excellencies as well as imperfections, is bright and lively in its style, and contains some happy hits on human nature.

TWICE TAKEN. By Charles W. Hall. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A rather dull story of the old frontier French and English wars. A young New Englander is the hero and scapegrace of the tale, woos a pretty French girl named Rosalie, and deserts her for a rich cousin, lives in wretchedness, goes to the wars, is engaged in the siege of Louisburg, and falls by the hand of an old Indian woman who had been a nurse of his first love. There are many pretty scenes and passages in the work though hardly enough to redeem it as a whole, while there is such a profusion of Indian expressions as to make the marginal glossary quite indispensable.

ON THE BORDER. By Edmund Kirke. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is a story of adventures during the war, the main facts being connected with Garfield's campaign in Eastern Kentucky. It is written in Kirke's peculiar style, dealing largely with the poor whites, or border men, and the southern negroes, with which classes the author has previously shown his familiarity. The work is possessed of considerable interest.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY AND HOW TO KEEP IT. By Thos. A. Davis. New York: Geo. W. Carleton & Co.

It is difficult for any man to lay down a set of rules relating to this subject which shall be of much practical value to men in business. Our author has, however treated his theme with fairness and considerable ability. He touches upon all branches of interest, mechanics, farming, merchandise, banking and intellectual labor. One chapter for its pithiness recommended itself to us, and that was the one containing advice to clerks and others

having goods to sell as to the manner in which they should deal with a customer. There are many men in business who might find an adherence to the rules laid down in this chapter useful and profitable. The volume contains much that is interesting, and saving some remarks which appear to have a political bearing, may be safely followed by those to whom it is addressed.

THE ROUA PASS; OR ENGLISHMEN IN THE HIGHLANDS. By Erick Mackenzie. Boston: Loring.

The *Saturday Review* says of this story: "It is seldom that we have to notice as good a novel as

'The Roua Pass.' The story is well contrived and well told, the incidents are natural and varied, several of the characters are skilfully drawn, and that of the heroine is fresh, powerful and original.

DOMBEY & SON. By Charles Dickens. With original illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The volumes of Ticknor & Fields' popular edition of the works of Charles Dickens succeed each other rapidly, and the sale, we understand, is quite large.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

TALKS AT ROCKLEDGE.

"I wish," said Grace, "that there were more brains in the world!"

She had just returned from the front door, where she had been to accompany a neighbor who had paid us the courtesy of a first call.

Dr. Ben, coming down stairs, heard her remark which was addressed solely to myself. "I'm satisfied," he said, entering the library, "that there is plenty of the raw material in the world. The only trouble is, it requires development—cultivation."

"All that, no doubt, is true, but I leave the nice balancing of causes and effects to you and your syllogisms, and take my stand on the broad facts. Look at the results and see the sort of wares we find brought to the Rialtos of our social life. Commonplaces and gossip at the best, petty malice and envies and jealousies at the worst.

"Grace, I clearly see somebody's bored you awfully," I laughed.

"There has, Kitty. Yet on the whole, I wasn't half so much bored as I was saddened, mortified, pained; so you perceive my present ill-humor is only a safety-valve for a good many deeper feelings."

"But who and what has bored you?" asked the Doctor, following our example of sitting down.

"I don't quite like to put it, as the country Parson says, in that way," with a twinge of conscience always sensitive, and that took account even of her speech. "When a man or woman has taken the trouble to be civil to you, and accepted the simple hospitality of sitting under your roof-shade for half an hour, it seems as though any tolerably educated heathen, a Turk or a Brahmin for instance, letting alone a Christian, might feel some scruples in disintegrating one's speech, presence and manner as soon as one's back was turned."

I had something to say here. "But, Grace, don't you see the spirit with which we do these

things is the real test that we should apply to ourselves? Now I am absolutely certain that it is not in your heart or thought to do the lady who has just left our door any wrong—that in any strictures which the facts compel you to make, you would rather speak evil than good—in short, that you would not wrong a hair of her head, then. Criticism to the world is one thing and in the sacredness of one's household another, so I think you need have no scruples.

"So thine own self be true."

And it must follow, as the night the day,

"Thou canst not, then, be false to any man."

"Nor any woman, either," laughed the Doctor.

"Well, Gracie, as Kitty here has settled the moral quality of your tattle with her usual perspicuity and sagacity, and clinched it with a quotation from our beloved Shakspeare, I think you may now safely proceed."

"Only just giving me time to add that I shall lay up that bit of irony over my perspicuity and sagacity, and choose my own time and means to repay it with compound interest," I subjoined.

The Doctor solemnly asseverated his innocence of the smallest intention of irony, and Grace proceeded.

"I discovered at once, Dr. Ben, that we were really indebted to you for the call. It seems you tidied the lady's baby safely over a dangerous attack of the croup, and as you had no wife in whose delighted ear she could pour her flattering opinions of your professional skill, she did the next best thing, took Kitty and me to be the recipients of her praises, a good deal perplexed and curious, however, in making out which was your Dulcinea, but satisfied that the choice lay betwixt us."

"And she went away quite as much in the dark as she came, on that matter," I laughed, with a little wicked enjoyment of the lady's perplexity in which I am confident the others participated.

"We got on in the smoothest waters," continued Grace, "so long as you, Doctor, formed the staple of our discourse; then we touched briefly on the weather, the scenery, and the variety of common-places that must always fringe the substance of any talk with strangers, and then there followed a dead calm. Was it my fault—was it my neighbor's? I asked myself. She had on—to impart a bit of Dr. Holmes' satire—a new dress, and was evidently disposed to converse, if one only touched the right key.

"A paper which I had thrown down on the lady's entrance, suggested Maximilian and the French occupation of Mexico. I struck that chord; but my guest evidently had no more knowledge of the whole thing than she had of the defeat of the Athenians at Syracuse, and one was just as much Greek to her as the other.

"Now there is no native born American, whether man or woman, who ought not to take some interest in the history of our own time, especially in an event which holds such close relations, and may exert an influence so profound on the future of our own commonwealth. There is no excuse, too, for ignorance in this matter. The newspapers are full of it; men discuss it in all its bearings at home and on the street corners; yet I doubt whether this woman could have told for her life whether Maximilian belonged to the house of Hapsburg or some Prince of Angola."

"I presume she could not," said the Doctor, who knew the lady in question a good deal better than Grace did.

"Now you will bear me witness that I am not disposed to be hard on women for not being scholars. Every one cannot be learned. But here was a woman who prides herself on being the wife of the richest merchant at Rockledge—a sort of leader of respectability and fashion there—a woman with money, time, opportunities at her command, who was as totally ignorant and regardless of what was going on in her own day and generation as a Hottentot would be of our Presidential election. Isn't that inexcusable?"

"Inexcusable!" said Dr. Ben.

"Well, after that I tried Louis Napoleon, Victoria—whom my guest did really understand was Queen of the British Isles—and some of our own generals. The lady dropped a few dry monosyllables for answer, her rather pretty face a perfect blank. It was evident the whole range of topics had never awakened a solitary thought in her mind—had not one particle of interest for her. I became alarmed lest she should set me down for a 'blue stocking'; beside that, I was the lady's hostess, and I might embarrass my guest; so, in a kind of desperation, I struck a new note, a little gossip, harmless in the view I chose to take of it, which had been going the rounds of the neighborhood, and which was brought to my knowledge by the girl who served for us last week.

"Oh dear! You ought to have seen that wo-

man's face brighten! I had found a congenial topic, and for the next ten minutes there was no lack of 'things to say' on her part. I tried to get the image out of my thoughts, but all the while it clung there—a black raven swooping down on its prey, that woman did pounce down so on the bait which I had thrown out playfully on the sluggish current of our talk. Her remarks, too, I am sorry to say, were full of personalities, suspicions and prurient curiosity about what was certainly no business of hers or mine. There was no charity in the manner in which she dissected the characters and acts of these neighbors of hers. She certainly placed the most unfavorable construction on every circumstance in their conduct; she held up without remorse their infirmities, weaknesses, to my gaze; and what was saddest of all, I saw that this woman had not the faintest idea she was doing anything which Christianity and good breeding must alike condemn; and I am confident she made her adieux at the door with a complacent feeling that she had created a favorable impression in my mind."

"I haven't a shadow of a doubt of it, Gracie," answered the Doctor. "Why I know that woman well. I have seen her in her home relations as wife and mother, and I assure you she would be utterly amazed and distressed that you could find anything deserving of condemnation in her talk this evening."

"I am ashamed, disgusted, for my sex!" I said, vehemently.

"There! keep cool, Kitty. How many women do you suppose there are in all this town who would have seen or suspected any harm in just such gossip?"

"Oh, Doctor, don't ask us!" said Grace, deprecatingly.

"And yet, for morality and intelligence, Rockledge will stand a fair comparison with most towns in New England and out of it. And if all the time and the God-given faculties that are wasted and perverted in this miserable gossip could only be directed into other channels, could only be exercised in healthy and ennobling studies, how much salient mischief could be averted. Take your guest as an example. Nature gave that woman a bright, keen, alert mind. If she had trained her faculties to the grand uses for which her Maker bestowed them—if the greedy interest and curiosity which she evinces in the affairs of her neighbors had only been expended on history, literature, art, what an instructive and agreeable companion she would be; and now her tongue is likely to drop its firebrands of death in every household; for what else are malice, suspicion, envy and jealousy, all of which a meddling gossip is certain to incite. No, Grace, it isn't as I said, the lack of brains there are in the world that we are to deplore. It is the miserable use that people make of what they have."

"Every day," I continued, following out our

train of talk, "I seem to realize more clearly what a stupendous evil ignorance is, and how much misery and undoing it has always wrought in the world. History is little more than one long record of its mischiefs, its bigotries, its superstitions, its cruelties. Look, for instance, at Mary Tudor and her husband. Three centuries ago the fires were crackling in Smithfield to burn heretics, and the man true to his type and his race, was making *autos da fe* in Spain for those who did not acknowledge the absolute control of His Holiness over their reason and religion; and no doubt both were conscientious, both seriously believed they were doing God service. Yet the woman has 'swathed her name in the horrible epithet which will cling to it forever.' And in all modern history there is no page so bloody as that which bears the name of Philip the Second of Spain.

"And in our own time how often we see that with the best intentions, a person's whole life may work only misery and wretchedness to themselves and others through ignorance and incapacity. Look at the cruelties of tender-hearted parents—look at the crippled, warped lives of the little children, and without going further into the matter, one is sickened at the prospect, and the old prayer of Solomon seems the fittest for all of us—'Lord, give us (men and women) wisdom and knowledge.'"

"It does fit us, Grace," answered the Doctor. "Our nineteenth century, with all its grand forces of science and steam, has not yet outgrown that petition. You remember, too, the ideal Christ set and taught to His disciples—'Wise as serpents, harmless as doves.' Many people seem to think all they have to do is to try and obey the latter clause; but they make a fatal mistake. The wisdom only can make the harmlessness. Oh, for some alarm-bell that would rouse up men and women to a sense of their responsibilities, and to the awful sin of allowing their faculties to go to rust and ruin!"

"If I was only Atlas now, what an awful shaking up I would give the world," I laughed.

"Well thought of, Kitty. It has often been an immense consolation to me to reflect when I went into eclipses over my own infirmities in particular, and mankind in general, that I did not carry the world on my shoulders. I think, too, the old Greeks must have found their crumb of comfort in that thought! Grace, you smothered a gap then!"

"I ask your pardon, Doctor, but you would not have had that strawberry cake for tea, which you affirmed a 'banquet for the gods,' if Kitty and I had not dragged our skirts in the dews this morning, picking wild strawberries."

"That excuse is a masterpiece of high art in feminine diplomacy. A man can forgive a woman's growing sleepy over his talk, provided she tickles his palate. You have disarmed my indignation; and, girls, it is past your bedtime."

V. F. T.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

One of the most genial of American travellers is J. Ross Browne, with whom the reading public has long had an acquaintance through the pages of *Harper's Magazine*. Wherever he goes, Mr. Browne finds something which is sure to interest him and his readers, and to call forth the rich humor of which he possesses such an abundant fund. *The Land of Thor*, published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, is Mr. Browne's latest production. It describes a tour through portions of Russia, Scandinavia, and Iceland, touching incidentally at Scotland.

Most of our readers have known, through his books, "the quaint, pathetic, genial Hans Christian Andersen," and knowing, have learned to love him. Mr. Browne visited him in Copenhagen, and thus describes him:—

"Before me stood the tall, thin, shambling, raw-boned figure of a man a little beyond the prime of life, but not yet old, with a pair of dancing gray eyes and a hatchet-face, all alive with twists, and wrinkles, and muscles; a long, lean face, upon which stood out prominently a great nose, diverted by a freak of nature a little to one side, and flanked by a tremendous pair of cheek-bones, with great hollows underneath. Innumerable ridges and furrows swept semicircularly downward around the corners of a great mouth—a broad, deep, rugged fissure across the face, that might have been mistaken for the dreadful child-trap of an ogre but for the sunny beams of benevolence that lurked around the lips, and the genial humanity that glimmered from every nook and turn. Neither mustache nor beard obscure the strong individuality of this remarkable face, which for the most part was of a dull granite color, a little mixed with limestone and spotted with patches of porphyry. A dented gutter-percha forehead, very prominent about the brows, and somewhat resembling in its general topography a raised map of Switzerland, sloped upward and backward to the top of the head; not a very large head, but wonderfully bumped and battered by the operations of the brain, and partially covered by a mop of dark wavy hair, a little thin in front and somewhat grizzled behind; a long, bony pair of arms, with long hands on them; a long, lank body with a long black coat on it; a long, loose pair of legs, with long boots on the feet, all in motion at the same time—all shining, and wriggling, and working with an indescribable vitality; a voice bubbling up from the vast depths below with cheery, spasmodic, and unintelligible words of welcome—this was the wonderful man that stood before me, the great Danish improvisator, the lover of little children, the gentle Caliban who dwells among fairies, and holds sweet converse with fishes, and frogs and beetles! I would have picked him out from among a thousand men at the first glance as a candidate for Congress, or the proprietor of a tavern, if I had met him anywhere in the United States. But the resemblance was only momentary.

In the quaint awkwardness of his gestures and the simplicity of his speech there was a certain refinement not usually found among men of that class. Something in the spontaneous and almost child-like cordiality of his greeting; the unworldly impulsiveness of his nature, as he grasped both my hands in his, patted me affectionately on the shoulder, and bade me welcome, convinced me in a moment that this was no other, and could be no other, than Hans Christian Andersen. . . . He seemed like one who glowed all over with bright and happy thoughts, which permeated all around him with a new intelligence. His presence shed a light upon others like the rays that beamed from the eyes of 'Little Sunshine.'

LAMARTINE.

Here is the latest pen-and-ink portrait of M. de Lamartine: "That old man you see sitting in an arm-chair sad and silent, is he. So recently as ten years since, when he walked about the streets of Paris, straight, thin, and buoyant he looked, with his threadbare clothes, like a nobleman on whom fortune had not smiled, and who shielded himself by extreme cleanliness from the results of poverty. Now age has marked him distinctly; every feature, every sinuosity of his epidermis bears age's claws. If the head retains the Grecian smallness which was once admired, it is no longer in harmonious proportion with the face. The cheek-bones and jaws have increased; the eyes have lost their lustre, and that eloquent mouth, which calmed storms and pacified angry mobs, has lost some of its teeth and undergone age's deformity. He speaks with so much difficulty he commonly keeps silent."

GRANDFATHER'S PORTRAIT.

Our steel engraving tells its own story in more eloquent language than words. The young artist has made a sketch of his grandsire upon a slate, and all the members of the family crowd about to look at it. Father, mother, brother, sister, with evident admiration, view the production of the youthful artist's pencil, and none are apparently more delighted than grandpa himself, who, with the air of a very friendly critic, examines his portrait upon the slate. The expression upon each face is a study in itself, and all are faithful to the life.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS.—It will be seen by the advertisement of the Messrs. Petersons, that they are offering their various editions of the works of Mr. Dickens at temptingly low prices. The rivalry existing between two or three of our publishers in regard to these works, has created a new demand for them.

La Presse Musicale, (Paris) in an article upon the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs, which have been awarded a grand medal in the Paris Exposition says:—"We have examined these instruments in the company of distinguished artists,

who have played them in our presence, and we do not hesitate to declare that the Cabinet Organs of Mason & Hamlin distinguish themselves by such perfection that the makers merit the gratitude of all lovers of this class of instruments. The most important progress which they have realized consists in the character and quality of tone. The prejudice which has justly existed against the free reed was owing to its harsh and screaming tone. Messrs. Mason & Hamlin have succeeded in producing tones as pure, as full and as rich as those of the pipe organ itself." The *Presse* gives the highest commendation to American Organs, and regards the award to them of the medal as a matter of course.

BRIDAL PRESENTS.—The bad taste too often manifested in an ostentatious display of bridal presents, will receive a check from the publication of an item of information in the *Home Journal*. "It is not generally known," says this paper, "that many of the bridal presents exhibited at so-called fashionable wedding receptions are hired for the occasion from a man in this city who does a large business 'renting' bridal presents. Appearances must be kept up, and Sarah Jane Smith must not get ahead of Polly Ann Jones."

Miss Mary A. Dodge (Gail Hamilton) has nearly completed a volume of sketches of Western life, which Ticknor & Fields will soon publish. Those who have been favored with a glance at the manuscript say that they are in that sprightly lady's best vein, and predict for the forthcoming book a deserved popularity.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY'S motto must be "numerous transactions and small profits." The business of its stores "up town, down town, in the middle," and we know not where else, must be really enormous, and give it decided advantages over small buyers. As a general thing the Tea Company's goods are of excellent quality, as is abundantly proved by its continued growth and prosperity in spite of the enterprise and competition which every sort of business is obliged to encounter in this market.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Mrs. Ferry, in her book on Naples and Sicily, tells the following amusing story of the verdict of an inspector on a set of Waverley novels—"They were consigned to a gentleman who was an admirer of English literature, and when the name of the book and the author were read out for the information of the inspector, who sat at a high desk and did not look at the volumes himself, he immediately declared that the work was prohibited. The clerk, who read the name Walter Scott, pronounced it as any Italian would do, Voltaire Scott. 'This, sir, is Voltaire Scott,' 'Well, sir, and what then? Voltaire's works are prohibited, and I do not see what difference the Scott makes.'"

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FASHIONS.

Furnished by Mme. Demorest for the Home Magazine.



No. 1.—FANTINA DRESS.

No. 1.—A plaided grenadine, with gored skirt, each seam distinguished by narrow velvet or galloon. A cross-bar design of velvet is set upon each width. The square neck, belt, and sleeves open upon the shoulder, for the insertion of a puffed under-sleeve, are ornamented with velvet crosses. The waist is plain, and a tucked or puffed under-waist would be a pretty addition. This mode is suitable for girls from six to ten years of age.



No. 2.—THE NERISSA DRESS.

No. 2.—A handsome dress in gray poplin—the light dove-colored shade—trimmed with bands of green silk, forming sashes upon the skirt, and alternating with narrow folds of silk, put on in points, and stitched upon the upper side only. These folds, which are cross-cut, are repeated round the bottom of the skirt, forming a border, and upon the waist, in diagonal lines at the back as well as at the front, meeting the upright silk gores, which form ornaments to the waist and sleeves, matching the skirt.



No. 1.—THE MADELINE WALKING SUIT.

No. 1.—This is a handsome and convenient travelling suit for a young miss of ten to fifteen. It consists of a skirt and paletôt of nankin foulard, cut out in scalloped vandykes, and edged with narrow folds of silk in two colors, brown and crimson, stitched on the upper side only. The square pockets are cut out to match the edge of the skirt and paletôt. The buttons are crimson silk, with a brown rim. The sleeves are plain, with the exception of the scalloped wrists.



No. 2.—THE HILTON SUIT.

No. 2.—A boy's blouse and pants of gray cassimere. Upright ornaments of Bismarck velvet are set around the skirt, each fastened with a pearl button. Sashes of velvet over the shoulders, and belt of the same. Sleeves and pants similarly trimmed. Four pearl buttons upon the front.



No. 1.—THE EDISTA.

No. 2.—THE FALCASETTE.

No. 1.—An evening costume of pale pink silk. The skirt is gored. Upon each side of the front width is a triple row of white Angola fringe, headed with narrow black velvet curving into broad scallops. A low-necked surplice body and angel sleeves, ornamented with velvet and fringe. Tulle under-waist, with long, puffed sleeves. Crushed roses in the hair, and pearl ornaments.

No. 2.—A superb carriage dress of Bismarck *poult de sois*. It is a Gabrielle, having a pointed peplum, and yoke simulated by bands of Bismarck satin, studded with nail-heads. Four rows of folds are carried down each side of the skirt and down the centre of the back. A single fold upon the front, and sleeves trimmed with satin folds and nail-heads.



No. 1.—THE IMPERIAL.



No. 2.—THE GASCON.

No. 1.—A bronze turban, with crown projecting all round beyond the brim. The rim is bound with brown velvet, and the side ornamented with peacock feathers. This is exceedingly *distingué*.
No. 2.—Black Neapolitan straw, with brim slightly turned up, and bound with blue velvet. A rich jet *algrette* fastens a cluster of short-curved blue plumes and spray feathers at the side. The front projects low over the forehead, like the peak of a cap. It is an elegant mode for riding costume.

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SEPTEMBER WALKING-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—The short dress is made of buff crape Eugénie, over a white mohair skirt, trimmed with upright straps of black velvet. The skirt of the dress is festooned round the bottom, and ornamented with pointed straps of the material, edged with black velvet and a narrow quilling of buff silk or ribbon. The buttons are white agate. The straps extend up the skirt at the sides only.

FIG. 2.—There are several novel features about this costume, one of which is the cut of the paletôt, the sleeve being joined to the back down its entire length, and open upon the front. The skirt is gored and cut all in one, although the trimming very naturally simulates two skirts, and is very pretty and effective. The material is black and white chene poplin, the trimming black velvet, put on in narrow straps, fastened at each end with small cut-steel buttons. The paletôt is cut out in squares; the trimming gives this effect perfectly upon the skirt.



No. 1.—THE ROSINE PEPLUM SKIRT.



No. 2.—PUFFED WAIST.

No. 1.—A new and pretty peplum skirt, made in colored silk, and trimmed with folds and rosettes of satin or velvet, lace, and silk tassels.

No. 2.—This is appropriate for cambric, nansook, grenadine, or any thin material. The puffs are divided by narrow colored velvet or galloon. The back is shirred in the same style as the front.



No. 1.—FANCHON.



No. 2.—THE CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

No. 1.—A black lace fanchon, embroidered with jet fern leaves. A scarlet bandeau shaded with illusion and forms so rich a decoration that none other is necessary.

No. 2.—A very stylish shape, covered with pea-green silk and green illusion woven with dew-drops. Illusion scarf and green ties. A cluster of rose-buds at the side and one upon the bandeau. The sharp rise of the crown lends this shape a unique and elegant effect, and the back is fitted to be worn with the high chignon now in vogue.



THE CZARINA ROBE.

This elegant robe is made of French gray corded silk, ornamented with bands and Maltese crosses, formed of Bismarck satin edged with a very narrow black lace. The satin is arranged so as to ascend and form a very wide band in front of the skirt, but rounds off toward the back in a narrow border, which extends all round the bottom of the skirt. The crosses are employed as ornaments for the tops of the sleeves, and to occupy the space left at the lower part of the skirt in front. They are very effective. Sash ends, the top representing a Maltese cross, are also attached to the back.



No. 1.—THE PARTHENIA DRESS.



No. 2.—THE PERLA DRESS.

No. 1.—We recommend this dress as a very charming and becoming design for a girl of seven years, and will be found an excellent model from which to make up a pretty dress for the fall or winter. It consists of a plain, high, gored dress of silk, or any soft woollen material, with a tunic over it cut out to represent the petals of a flower, and united at the sides by straps of the same, crossed and studded with small buttons. There is a belt and bodice attached to the tunic skirt, the front and back of the latter united by a strap which passes under the arm. The dress and tunic should be of contrasting color and material; but both are trimmed with two rows of narrow velvet, enclosing small bright buttons. The straps across the top of the sleeves, and the cuffs at the wrists, are of the same material as the tunic, and trimmed to match. White, with scarlet tunic, black velvet, and silver buttons, would be very pretty; or white, with blue or gray corse; or leather-color, with green, black velvet, and jet buttons.

No. 2.—Made of woollen goods, two shades of one color, the lighter being used for the body of the dress, and the darker for the gores. The skirt is plaited around the sides, and has a plain gore set in back and front of the same material. This is marked by gores of the second shade, edged upon the inner side with a plain row of velvet, and on the outer with a similar row crossed by loops, fastened with small ornamental buttons, one upon each. Four bands inclining to a point in the centre form a lattice connecting these. A gore of the darker color is set between each breadth, extending half-way up the skirt. The waist is trimmed to match, the back like the front, of which an excellent idea is given in the cut.



SPRIGS FOR EMBROIDERY.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY, AGATHE.

Words by C. HERLOSSEN.

Music by FRANCIS ABT.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked 'p' (piano). The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'pp' (pianissimo) and 'stringendo'. The lyrics are: 'When the swal-lows homeward fly, When the ro- - ses scatter'd lie, When from nei - ther hill nor dale Chants the silv'ry night - in - gale, In these words my bleeding heart Would to thee its grief im - part; Shall we ev - - er'.

When the swal-lows homeward fly, When the ro- - ses scatter'd lie, When from

nei - ther hill nor dale Chants the silv'ry night - in - gale, In these words my bleeding

heart Would to thee its grief im - part; Shall we ev - - er

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1851, by G. WILLIS, Jr., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Maryland.]

meet a - - gain, Parting, ah! part - - ing, parting is

The first system of the musical score for 'AGATHE.' It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The vocal line has lyrics 'meet a - - gain, Parting, ah! part - - ing, parting is'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

pain, Part - - ing, ah! part - - ing, part - ing is

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line includes the lyrics 'pain, Part - - ing, ah! part - - ing, part - ing is'. Above the vocal line, there are markings 'sfs' (sotto fero) and 'rit.' (ritardando). The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic patterns.

pain!

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics 'pain!'. The piano accompaniment continues, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand providing harmonic support.

When the white swan southward roves,
There to seek the orange groves,
When the red tints of the west
Prove the sun has gone to rest,
In these words, &c.

Oh poor heart! whate'er befall,
There is rest for thee and all,
That on earth which fades away,
Comes again in bright array,
In these words, &c.

DESIGNS FOR EMBROIDERY



DESIGNS FOR EMBROIDERY.

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